

THE MONTH

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.
(*Apoc. xxii. 2.*)

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JANUARY, 1935

No. 847

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

The New Year

LAST year we wrote in January—"The year opens ominously for civilization." Can we say that world-welfare is this year in better case? The omens seem just as bad. The same evil influences are as vigorously at work, trying to destroy the one chief lesson which was taught by the War—the conviction that the world should be governed by law not by violence, that its States are all members one of another, and that their individual interests should not be pursued without due regard to those which are common. That conviction gave birth to the League of Nations and to a multitude of complementary Pacts, all expressions of the sense that security should be sought in union and co-operation, not in isolation and competition. Yet, just as in January, 1934, world-relations are still poisoned by "Prussianism" in various shapes, resulting in fierce racial antagonisms, rivalry in armaments, passionate Press recriminations, political assassinations, violations of solemn pledges, State-absolutism, and even actual hostilities. Notwithstanding all this, the prospects of the coming year, to our limited human vision—which can take no stock of the immense supernatural powers, employed to fulfil the designs of Providence—seem brighter than before, if only because all the sinister influences which find their profit in human quarrels are now more generally known and more keenly resented. One great ruler, President Roosevelt, who combines in an unwonted degree both vision and energy, has declared his intention "to take the profit out of war"—a project which contemplates not only the actual war-traders, but all who take occasion of the needs of belligerents to increase their own fortunes. Legislation of a permanent character will follow searching investigation, of the kind now being applied to the Arms Traffic, into past "profiteering."

Equality of Sacrifice

IT will surely cause a radical change in the popular estimate of war, if one of the immediate effects of it will, henceforth, be to destroy or cripple fortunes as well as bodies, *i.e.*, if the State commandeers for its service property no less than life. There is nothing in reason to prevent that course, for the greater includes the less. The right which the State has to call upon the citizen to sacrifice life and limb in its defence comprises, in logic, the right to confiscate for the same end whatever else he possesses. If a law were passed now in peace time vesting in the State at war the entire ownership and use of the money and goods of its citizens, "for the duration," and without any liability to make good what was spent, our war-mongers, in Press or Parliament or commerce, would walk somewhat more warily in world affairs, and would be glad to abate some of their national pride for the sake of the safety to be found in collective action. We can all remember how intense and prolonged was the Press-propaganda needed during the late struggle to raise the successive War Loans, the chief inspiration of which was, not patriotic sacrifice, but personal advantage. As a consequence, the individual investor is still reaping profit, whilst the country as a whole, in spite of the relief of "conversion," has been ever since, and will be for generations, heavily burdened with the service of that debt. If war-burdens had been fairly shared from the first, that need not have been the case. And if, in future, conscription of wealth becomes as legal as conscription of man-power in war, there will be some approach to equality of sacrifice, and the public conscience will not be shocked by the sight of a vast multitude giving all they have, even life itself, for the common cause, whilst others live in safety and grow in wealth through their generosity. Nor could it but strengthen the influences making for peace, were those who decide on war to have themselves to face the full consequences of their decision. Then, perhaps, the Kellogg Pact would be recognized as a ready means of escaping ruin, and war would indeed cease to be considered "an instrument of national policy."

War averted by the League

TWO months after the brutal murder of King Alexander the Unifier, at Marseilles, the Council of the League found itself considering a series of charges brought by Yugo-

slavia against Hungary accusing that State with formal complicity in the outrage—an accusation characterized by the Hungarian representative as a "tissue of calumnies and a monstrous edifice of lies." The possibility of Hungarian guilt in a matter still *sub judice*, and the brutal expulsion of some hundreds of Hungarians from Yugoslav territory, even before the League Council had time to consider the indictment, showed that the Little Entente—for, in this matter, Czechoslovakia and Rumania were at one with the third member—were looking for a chance to publish all their grievances against Hungary—the central State of the five into which the former Austrian Empire has been split up. The main lines of communication between Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, both by rail and water, pass through the centre of Hungary, but Hungary will have nothing politically to do with the Little Entente, because nearly one-third of the entire Magyar population lies outside her new frontiers, divided up amongst the other three. This is the crux of the Balkan situation, created by the stupidly vindictive Treaty of Trianon. Left to themselves, these States can never make peace, but the influence of the League, and more particularly of France and Italy, may gradually win consent to such a revision of frontiers that will remove "irredentism," and make friendly relations, with greatly increased mutual prosperity, possible. Meanwhile, the open ventilation of grievances in the League Council produced nothing worse than a heated debate. The old style of direct diplomatic charges and counter-charges, coupled with hostile acts, would almost certainly have resulted in war. Finally, with unexpected speed, a formula was found which satisfied the honour of both parties, and a dangerous state of tension ceased. The result has proved once again the absolute necessity of the League to check the beginnings of belligerency, especially amongst peoples whose nationalistic emotions are not under rational control.

The Saar Plebiscite

THE addition to the neutral League of Nations police-force in the Saar of an international contingent of 2,500 men, with the view of securing the proper conduct of the plebiscite there this month, is another event of good augury for the progress of peace. It is a direct rebuff to the noisy Press campaign engineered by those whom the *Times* calls

"the scuttlers from Europe." It is a recognition that we are all deeply concerned with the proper carrying out of one of the provisions of the Covenant to which we have set our seal. Furthermore, the agreed abstention of the parties most deeply interested, France and Germany, from direct intervention in the election, also shows a returning faith in the collective principle. Both have formally promised to abide by the results of the plebiscite, and already the financial terms on which the Saar mines will be repurchased by Germany, if the voting goes for return to the Reich, have been amicably settled. There seems to be little doubt that the great majority of the 800,000 inhabitants will vote for return and, from the point of view of European peace, one may hope the majority will be overwhelming. There are already quite enough minorities under alien rule in Europe. Nor would any partition of the territory be, in the long run, desirable. The Saar, like the Rhineland to which it belongs, is predominantly Catholic, and there is a natural reluctance on the part of its inhabitants to submit to an Absolute State which has already shown marked hostility to the ideals of Christianity. On the other hand, the totalitarian regime has within it the elements of its own decay, and an increase of the large Catholic minority in Germany will make the success of an anti-religious Kulturkampf still more dubious. If the Fatherland is ever to be rescued from the insane political and racial ideology embodied in the new Reich, it will need the help of all its Christian citizens, Protestant and Catholic. We can conceive a patriotic Catholic Saarlander voting for a return to his paganized country in the spirit of a crusader.

The Indian Report passed

ANOTHER triumph for justice over self-interest has been recorded in the recent adoption by large majorities in both Houses of the Report of the Parliamentary Joint Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform, issued on November 21st, which was embodied in a Bill introduced before the Commons rose for Christmas. After many Commissions and Reports and seven years' close consideration, an endeavour has at last been made to implement the solemn engagement entered into in the following clear words in 1917 :

The policy of his Majesty's Government, with which the Government of India are in complete accord, is that

of the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration and the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire.

It was on the strength of that declaration that India became one of the original Commonwealth members of the League of Nations, since membership implies self-government, but it is only now that the Government's "policy" has taken the definite shape of a Constitution. The ordinary person may be assured that, apart from the duty of fulfilling promises, the policy is a wise one by considering the weight of expert authority which recommends it. The Joint Report was passed by a substantial majority; in the Commons it was adopted by two-thirds of the whole membership, although the Labour party, who want something more drastic, opposed it: in the Lords, the four to one majority included three ex-Viceroy, three ex-Secretaries of State for India, and a number of Presidential ex-Governors. And we must own that many of the arguments of the Report's opponents suggested the idea that the well-being of India was not their first consideration. No one, it is true, went so far as that typical "Diehard," the late Lord Brentford, who declared, when Home Secretary in 1925, *i.e.*, even *after* the solemn pledge of 1917, that "we conquered India as an outlet for the goods of Great Britain. We conquered India by the sword, and by the sword we should hold it . . . as the finest outlet for British goods in general and for Lancashire cotton goods in particular." But something not unlike that claim appears in Lord Rothermere's advocating the *status quo* in India lest, with the disappearance of the Indian Civil Service, our British youth should lack one means of employment!

Government by the Press

THE present attitude of that particular Press Lord and of other great newspaper magnates, not only towards the Indian problem, but towards politics, national and international, in general, raises, not for the first time, the question of Press interference with the functions of government. It is a serious and difficult matter; most people feel that, in spite of manifold inconveniences, the liberty of the Press should be maintained as the guarantee of the liberty of the

citizen. In the various Absolute States, both liberties have been destroyed: despotic Governments cannot tolerate free criticism. With the fate of Russians, Germans and Italians before them, free citizens elsewhere have little desire to see their Press in shackles. But, since the Press here has become almost the monopoly of a few rich men, the drawbacks are considerable. Those Press proprietors have their own interests to serve and, although their probity may be beyond reproach, they have no commission to rule us, nor to try to dictate the country's policy. The criticism of independent journals is one thing: that of a few wealthy, powerful and irresponsible individuals is another. The endeavour made by Lord Rothermere in June, 1930, to settle for Mr. Baldwin the composition of his Ministry has not been forgotten. It is not consistent with the ideal of democracy that mere wealth should confer upon its owners an instrument of such immense extra-constitutional power, which may be used well or ill. How ill it may sometimes be used we know from their persistent attempts to destroy the League of Nations, and from the existence of the Press organs of the war-traders, whose function it is to foster everywhere the mentality of war.

National Selfishness

IT has always been clear that a single strong nation, which does not believe in the advantages of co-operation and collective action in world affairs, can retard all the rest in their progress towards the ideal of a peaceful world-community. For instance, the existence and the programme of Soviet Russia has undoubtedly delayed the growth of the spirit of security derived from the strength of international law: for that law ultimately rests upon God's justice which the Soviets ignore. And the example of Japan, which has openly flouted its obligations under the League in order to pursue in isolation its particular interests, has once more arrested the movement towards peace founded on justice. Whatever excuse it may urge, that militaristic Government has done what it could to re-introduce the state of international anarchy from which we are painfully emerging. It has re-asserted the evil principle that, in this world of closely-interlocked interests, each nation may be the sole judge in its own cause. And lately, developing its spirit of self-concentration, it proposes to denounce the Washington Naval Treaty, on the grounds,

not of security, but of *prestige*. It feels humiliated by the inferior ratio of naval strength allowed it by that Treaty in comparison with Great Britain and America. Now, once considerations of prestige enter into negotiations for armament reduction, or any other international interest, farewell to reason and moderation. An incalculable and sentimental element of the sort tends to upset and distort what should be a matter of mere scientific determination. The only justification for armaments is defence : paraded, needlessly, for show, they are in every sense offensive.

National Self-conceit

YEET we cannot condemn this non-Christian Power for yielding thus to national vanity, because the same motive influences, more or less explicitly, the minds of the rest, whenever they come to debate the question of relative strength. The American "navalist" slogan "Second to None" is not the reasoned result of a comparison between possible dangers and means of defence, but the expression of a feeling that a great State must have a great fleet as a symbol of its greatness. Weight in the world's councils is determined, not by love of justice, but by power of aggression. Our own "navalists" have had, perforce, to abate their claim that Britannia should rule the waves, but the mind for predominance is still there. So far is the world from relying on justice and law enforced by collective action. Yet, in this matter of naval expansion, when we consider that the seas beyond the three-miles limit belong to every nation equally, and that, accordingly, no one nation can claim the exclusive right to patrol them, the case for an international naval police force, flying an international flag, would seem to be most reasonable. Safe sea-routes are of universal concern, and a common task should be shared by all.

Hopes for the Canonization of BB. Fisher and More

AMONGST the centenary celebrations of the coming year the most significant for Catholics will surely be the 400th anniversary of the martyrdom of BB. John Fisher and Thomas More, which occurs on June 22nd and July 6th respectively. During the thirteen years of the Henrician schism, the Tudor tyrant put to death some fifty of his subjects "by

process of law," on the charge of denying his sole headship of the Church in England, besides an unknown number slaughtered after amnesty for their share in "The Pilgrimage of Grace." Of the former, thirty were Religious, mainly of the Carthusian Order, twelve secular clergy and eight lay-folk. Amongst them BB. John and Thomas stand pre-eminent as champions of the clergy and laity against the pretensions of a civil ruler, often repeated since, to usurp the prerogatives of Christ's Church and attack the rights of conscience. Even without the aureole of martyrdom they would have merited immortal fame, for they had the courage and insight, in a cowardly and sycophantic age, to withstand both the pressure of the *instans tyrannus* and the evil counsels of the timorous crowd. And now their fame shines yearly brighter, even in the eyes of those who do not share their Faith, whilst their murderer, aptly styled by Dickens "a spot of blood and grease on the page of English history," has long lost every shred of reputation. We hope that the approaching canonization of these heroic men, who were beatified in 1886, will bring home to many the greatness of the cause for which they died, and especially the salient fact that, without the "supremacy of the spiritual" embodied in the visible Church, the most precious human liberties are ever in jeopardy.

New Treasures and Old

THE number of new societies to advance various good causes, which is characteristic of our times, would not necessarily be a hopeful sign if it meant that the old were being neglected and depleted. Unless founded to meet new requirements, a new organization which has already its counterpart in the Church, may simply represent a craze for novelty and result in a dissipation of forces. But if the old are still kept vigorous, fresh associations akin to them may be justified by regional needs or more flexibility of government. These reflections are partly prompted by the news in the *Catholic Times* (November 9th) of the first annual Congress in Dublin of the "Regnum Christi" Guilds, alongside a notice of the annual Ard Feis, in the same city, of the "An Rioaghacht" (or League of Christ the King), a body in existence now for a number of years, and finally an appeal for a new body, a "Catholic Social League" for Ireland, on the same occasion. The friendly and sympathetic reader, rejoic-

ing at the spiritual activity thus displayed, is also and naturally curious to know what ground these several organizations cover, or propose to cover, and how they stand related to such other bodies, as the various Tertiary Societies, the Legion of Mary, and so on. We are told by the same paper (November 16th) that the Franciscan Tertiaries are spreading wonderfully in Ireland, a piece of news which recalls the appeal, made long ago by Francis Thompson in his essay "In Darkest England" and appositely quoted in the New York *Catholic Worker* (September, 1934), to those same Tertiaries to emulate the Salvation Army (between which and the Franciscans he drew an interesting parallel and contrast) in methods as well as in zeal—an eloquent apostrophe well worth meditating on in these days of need.

Social Ailments and Government Remedies

THE twin plagues of bad housing and persistent unemployment still remain with us, in spite of all the efforts of post-war Governments—the widely-supported Coalition of 1919, the first Labour Government of 1924, the strong Conservative executive that succeeded it in the same year, the second Labour Government of 1929, the present all-powerful National Administration—to discover any remedy. Decent housing was the first item in the programme of 1919. Again Mr. Baldwin in 1924 declared: "Better houses for the people, quickly provided, clearance of slums and the prevention of slums, are the first necessities of policy for any Government in this country." And all the successive Governments, notably the two Labour administrations, have asked for power precisely for the abolition of unemployment and have, one and all, failed to check its growth. Faced with continuous ill-success in both fields, no statesman of them all seems to have asked himself whether under the Capitalist system, as energizing at present, success in these matters is possible; whether a society can ever be healthy with the means and amenities of life so badly distributed that multitudes are dependent on daily work for their daily bread, and have no property to sustain them but their strength and skill. Aided now by machinery, the productive capacity of the community has so grown that over-production, even of the necessities of life, is a recurrent phenomenon; just as common as is under-consumption. There must be something wrong with a system which divides the nation into two classes with an-

tagonistic interests, one having property to live on and the other living precariously on chances of work. And no one, in spite of the striking example of President Roosevelt, to say nothing of the solemn warnings of the Pope, can devise anything more than palliations of the present order, which, even if successful, will leave the social body still liable to relapse. Instead of trying to enable the proletariat to acquire property of some sort, so as to rely more on themselves, and to cease to be mere wage slaves, our rulers can think only of extending the use of the resources of the State to ameliorate their lot.

Social Services

MANY of the features of the servile-state are already to be seen in our midst. In 1931-32, 490 million pounds were raised from rates and taxes, so as to provide the proletariat with what every decent householder should provide for himself, viz., the means to feed and educate his children, to secure medical assistance, to insure against accidents and ill-health, to secure provision for old age. Before the industrial revolution, these were the normal achievements of the population. The country was much less wealthy, but its resources were better distributed. But when England became the world's workshop, and the country-side was deserted for the towns, the proletariat came into being and has now grown to such an extent that more than half the national income is devoted to supplying its needs, generously enough. At the beginning of this century Great Britain spent 36 million pounds on provision for the destitute. To-day, owing to the various insurance and pension schemes, and the unemployment benefits, the amount is nearly fourteen times as much! Yet many needs are still unsatisfied, and the Government's new housing schemes and measures for specially necessitous areas will add greatly to its social expenditure. All this is certainly magnificent, but one doubts whether it is war. It is tinkering with symptoms and neglecting the disease. In America the President is not only aiming on an unprecedented scale at relieving immediate distress, but is also searching into causes, brushing aside any interference from vested interests in the process. No one here—Mr. Lloyd George has not yet divulged his scheme—dares to break with economic tradition.

The Prevalence of Usury

POVERTY and destitution are not Acts of God but man-created conditions, which, however excusable in less efficient times, are a disgrace to modern civilization. They are the result mainly of the uncontrolled desire for wealth and the free use of immoral means to acquire it. What should have accrued for the benefit of the community—the discoveries of man's genius and his mastery over nature—has too often been monopolized for the profit of a few. The ill-balanced distribution of material goods is ultimately due to the practice, more or less disguised, of usury, *i.e.*, the making of gain out of the misfortune of others. This is the canker at the root of Capitalism which, unless remedied, will destroy it in the end. The vicious extreme of Communism which denies man's natural right to property is no remedy as the terrible fate of Russia proclaims. The only means of saving Society, as the Popes have been proclaiming for half a century, is a return to Christian principles. The various Commissions in different countries which have been investigating the abuses of the financial system—the Macmillan Committee here and the Senate Committee on banking in the States—discover and denounce those abuses in the strongest terms, but fail to point out, as the Pope does, that they arise from injustice and have resulted in ruthless tyranny. The relevant passages from "Quadragesimo Anno" must ever be borne in mind by Catholics whose duty it is to spread the truth :

It is patent [says Pius XI'] that in our days not wealth alone is accumulated, but immense power and despotic economic domination are concentrated in the hands of a few, who for the most part are not the owners, but only the trustees and directors of invested funds, which they administer at their own good pleasure.

This domination is most powerfully exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, also govern credit and determine its allotment, for that reason supplying, so to speak, the life-blood to the entire economic body, and grasping in their hands, as it were, the very soul of production, so that no one can breathe against their will.

¹ Sections 105, 106, 107 of the C.S.G. edition of "Quadragesimo Anno."

This accumulation of power, the characteristic note of the modern economic order, is a natural result of limitless free competition, which permits the survival of those only who are the strongest, and this often means those who fight most relentlessly, who pay least heed to the dictates of conscience.

Who shall say that that diagnosis is false? The facts have long been known to politicians, but only one so far, Mr. Roosevelt, has had the courage to legislate in accord with them.

Animals' Year

THE cause of kindness to animals should be dear to all Catholics, who understand that the love of the Creator should extend, in due measure and degree, to all His sentient creation. This year marks the centenary of the first Act passed by the British Parliament for the protection of animals from man's inhumanity—the first of a long series, the need for which has not yet ceased. Animals probably suffer more from the thoughtless than from the cruel, and thoughtlessness is due to lack of education. There is room for more thorough and explicit teaching in our schools on the "rights" of animals, if only to break down the traditions inherited from more callous times when human beings as well as irrational animals were treated with little regard for their feelings. Our penal system has long been purged of brutality, but, as there is still much need for the Society for the Protection of Children, so the kindred association to save another class of the helpless, continues to deserve our support. The subject is a large one and merits more thorough discussion, for this good cause like many others can be, and is, advocated sometimes on wrong grounds and to excess, but we may have occasion to return to it, especially since, as we see from the *Tablet* of last October 27th, there is prospect of organized work amongst Catholics during the year in defence of dumb creatures. St. Francis will surely rejoice if, at least in his spirit and perhaps under his invocation, a Catholic S.P.C.A. comes into existence amongst us.

CATHOLIC HUMANISM

"And God saw everything that He had made, and it was very good," Gen. i, 31.

EVERYBODY is tired of hearing about the coming destruction of Europe. Is Europe on the road to destruction? Is there in us a cancer that will surely kill us, if we do not kill it? There is. A man to-day who says that all is well with the world and refuses to be afraid is a fool. The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom. So is the fear of man, or rather of mankind. We have in our midst the source of destruction, for men, at any rate outside the Church, put their trust in the thing that threatens their ruin. What is this thing?

It is the eternal heresy that is as old as the hills, the heresy that is present in every false religion, and, being false, is always a destroyer. Man, without the help of revelation, is faced with a colossal problem. He knows that he has a craving for happiness and somehow it must be satisfied. There seem to be only two possible ways. The desire must be satisfied or crushed. A man must become a hedonist or a puritan. Can he attain peace either way?

The history of mankind, apart from the influence of the Church, is the history of man's choice of one means or the other. Religious instinct has usually preached the destruction of desire; materialists have attempted to satisfy their desires. Christianity alone gives the true solution—but we will come to that later.

The brutal side of hedonism has usually disgusted idealists, and so men of the nobler kind who have not accepted the true Christian solution have all tried to suppress desire—to destroy it. Now desire is not merely carnal, it is primarily of the soul, and to attempt to destroy something of the soul is to attempt suicide. Hence, a culture which accepts the philosophy of mere suppression is a destroyer. This is the lesson of history, and this is the canker that is destroying us. It is the terrible legacy of Calvin.

I said that this heresy is as old as the hills and that it tends always to destruction. That this is so I shall try to show from three great historic cultures—Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Calvinism (and the last is killing us to-day).

First of all, Buddhism. Sakya Muni was apparently an honest man. Further, he achieved a remarkable success; and his converts were racially a people in whom the religious instinct was, and is, highly developed. The whole purpose of a religious life, according to his teaching, was to attain ultimate happiness. This he called Nirvana—which is hard to distinguish from annihilation—and which certainly means the extinction of all desire. Desire of every sort must be suppressed; and only when a person achieves a perfectly desireless existence, does he then pass into Nirvana—Heaven or Perfect Happiness.

The details of this creed—metempsychosis, the succession of Buddhas and the like—do not matter here; it is its attempted solution of the great mystery of life—the eternal search for happiness—that we are dealing with.

Voluntary poverty, chastity, purity, charity, self-denial of every sort, are advocated and considered necessary. But notice why—only and solely to destroy in one's personality all desire. Life, of course, which, in practice, is never separated from desire, for this very reason is utterly miserable—an evil thing. Death alone is happiness, but only when accepted with supreme resignation—a resignation which indicates a lack of all desire.

This teaching of Sakya Muni is not original. It is all present in the Vedic books. The first Buddha merely popularized the philosophy, in the way popular scientists do with science to-day. The East had made its choice before Gautama was born, and the East has hardly moved since.

This ideal is absolutely unattainable—hence we get in Eastern philosophy, fatalism. Its devotees strive and strive to annihilate nature and fail, and their only hope is in despair. The position is illogical, but most understandable. They want to destroy desire; they succeed to a degree; they feel that it is not their fault that they do not succeed altogether, hence their final acquiescence in blind Fate—Karma.

The result of Buddhist culture may be seen in numberless heroic lives, yet in no corresponding improvement in social conditions—and a dead civilization. Still, the attraction which Eastern philosophy has for many moderns is most significant; for example, for Schopenhauer who wrote "in the whole world there is no study so beneficial or so elevating . . . the Vedas have been the solace of my life: they will be the solace of my death"; and for Max Muller who endorsed these words. Sir

John Woodroffe, M. Maeterlinck and others have expressed similar opinions.

My second great historic culture is Mohammedanism. This religion is not so pure as that of the Far East. Sakya Muni did provide, for the weaker brethren, "Swarga"—a sensual heaven—but it was very much of a concession, and it does not fit into his system. Mohammed was much more definite about his sensual heaven, but this was probably due to the fact that he does not seem to have been such an obviously honest man as Sakya Muni. In any case, apart from his personal character, his logic was not as strong as Sakya Muni's, which is rather surprising when one realizes that he was an Arab.

Although Mohammed did not set forth so clearly the conditions for that ultimate happiness, desired by mankind—the utter loss of self-consciousness involved in Nirvana—he did get thus far—the necessity of destroying all personal desire. "Islam" means submission, submission, of course, to Allah. On the other hand, the fundamental heresy into which Mohammedanism falls is much more apparent than it is in Buddhism. It issues in despair. "Kismet" often seems to be the most prominent tenet of the Mohammedans. The fatalism of the Moors and Turks is almost proverbial.

Again, history has shown that this philosophy of life has proved essentially a destroyer. Read Newman's "Historical Essays" and realize how Northern Africa, from being the most fruitful province of the Empire, became a desert. Everywhere the Mohammedan destroyed, blasted like a plague, whatever culture they found, and built up no stable substitute. If, in Spain, for a time they seemed to succeed and to plant their civilization, it did not, and could not, last. It is remarkable that even the crude, semi-barbarian Christians of northern Spain instinctively knew that the apparently highly-cultured and civilized Moors in the south were fundamentally destroyers. They could not help it. Mohammedanism destroyed for the same reason as Buddhism deadened—namely, because of its false philosophy of life. It constricted human nature in such a way that normal development was impossible; its fatalism made real initiative and effort absurd.

Calvinism is my last example of this recurring false philosophy, which is so attractive and so deadly. Calvin had a great intellect, and for this very reason, when he denied the Catholic philosophy of life, he was almost bound to fall into

the error we are discussing. Not that his particular development of it was new, even in the experience of Christian times. The Gnostics, Manicheans, Bogomilians, Albigenses, whose tenets would have annihilated the human race if they had prevailed, had all fallen into the same error to a greater or less degree. These heresies, however, never became a real menace to Catholicism; Calvinism did; and it is from Calvinism that the present decline of the West comes.

Calvin, of course, founded his heresy on Christian doctrine, especially on the great dogma of the Fall of Man. He over-emphasized the Fall, and taught that man's nature was essentially evil because of it, and that, therefore, all human aspirations and desires had to be suppressed. The fatalism that always goes with this heresy, he called predestination. And so at last the heresy of Mohammed, introduced by the Arabs at the point of the sword, driven out again by the Christian cavaliers, got a permanent footing in Europe. In spite of Godfrey de Bouillon and St. John Capistran, of Skanderberg, and Isabella, the poison had been reintroduced by the Catholic apostate and remained to do its work of destruction.

At first, like Mohammedanism in Spain, Calvinism seemed capable of building up a new culture. Suppression of self, even from a wrong motive, often has, at first, a strengthening effect. Calvinism had. Slowly but surely England takes the place of Spain: the Northern Netherlands, of the South; Brandenberg, of Austria. But just as surely it could not last. As in the case of many poisons, the first effect is renewed vigour, the final effect is death.

Historic Calvinism produced republicanism, which gave birth to Communism. The heresiarch's "Institutio," "The Social Contract," and "Comments on the Gotha Programme" form a logical sequence. The Huguenot nobles were the forefathers of the bourgeois revolutionaries, who in their turn held a similar position with regard to the proletarian Bolsheviks. New ideas are like fashions in clothes; they take some time to filter down to the common people, but eventually they do.

King James was fond of saying "No Bishops, no King." If he had been a little wiser than he was, he would have said "No Bishops, no nobles," and "No Bishops, no middle class," and ultimately, "No Bishops, no God; only matter and men." Such has been the political progeny of Calvinism,

but this is not the root of the matter. It is a necessary concomitant effect, often very destructive and always unjust, but that is all. Sociologically, the idea has been much more devastating.

Calvinism allowed usury. Possibly it did so because the Church forbade it. More probably because if a man was predestined to Hell, he had to make the best of this world; but since the doctrine of suppression prevented him enjoying the world in a sensual pagan way, the only outlet was to make money, and to do that, usury was necessary.

Again, to make money, free competition was necessary, free from international control—hence the piracies of the Gueux and the English in the sixteenth century, and the ruthless colonization, the enslavement and exploitation of “the native,” in the seventeenth century. Even national control was intolerable, and so the divorce between Ethics and Economics effected by the “Manchester School.” “The Wealth of Nations” is a direct sociological sequence from “The Institute,” just as was “The Social Contract.” And all this is done in the name of Christianity; the man-made jungle was called Eden. No wonder that many people hate Christianity and refuse to believe in the Garden.

At length the Beast showed itself. Gradually the trappings of Christianity fell away, and modern Capitalism appeared before the world in all its ugly nakedness. But not, alas! alone. This heresy is cloven, like the devil’s hooves, and many, in their revulsion from one child of Calvinism, have not shrunk from embracing the second of those diabolical twins, Communism, itself a heresy that destroys.

Now, clearly, one cannot build a house of bricks which are crumbling, one cannot build up a sound society out of human beings who are all bad. If human nature is bad, how can society be good? If the parts are rotten, how can the whole be wholesome? Obvious facts, yet millions are blind to them. Satan, having caused the Fall, wants to make it complete, having weakened human nature he would have it thought impotent. He would have man to think evil what God sees to be substantially good. He wants man to despair of regeneration and self-control, whereas God bids him hope. It is the oldest temptation of the devil, and it is successful to-day as it has never been before—at least, in the West.

Call this heresy Communism, or Capitalism, Mohammedanism or Manichæism, Brahminism or Besantism, it does

not matter ; the variations are largely due to geography, like the pigment of man's skin ; it is all the same—it always destroys, because it crushes human nature, by refusing to take it as God made it, a whole thing.

Man's soul operates with two functions : that of the intellect and that of the will. For a complete rational human act both are necessary. If a man destroys his intellect he is clearly not a complete man. He is often a dangerous man—that is why he is locked up in a mad-house. The same is less obvious, but equally true, of a man who disbelieves in his free will—that is, in his capacity to desire and choose. Without freedom no responsibility and, therefore, such a man is often dangerous—and that is why, on occasion, the Holy Inquisition locked him up too. A society composed of such men, a culture inspired by the ideas of such men, forms a deadly menace to the rest of mankind.

Again, a culture which is fatalistic—we have seen how fatalism is a psychological rather than logical result of this heresy of suppression—very soon becomes pessimistic and then despairs. This pessimism has a disastrous effect on individual lives and, therefore, on society. Suicide becomes common : the rights of the unborn and unwanted are ignored : race-suicide becomes a virtue. We see this sad phenomenon in the East ; in the legalization of abortions in Russia ; in easy divorce and birth-control clinics in Northern Europe to-day.

Another terrifying result of this unnatural suppression of one constituent of human nature shows itself in unnatural cravings. Healthy enjoyment being forbidden, nature must somehow find an outlet : hence various forms of inhuman vice, drug-taking, opium smoking. This despair—often semi-conscious—emerges in the arts and pleasures which have become prevalent in society. For example, futurist art, unbalanced criticism, negroid music, the craze for speed, all rather unnatural, come from man's one-sided development during the last three centuries. They are all *unnatural* because the source from whence they came, human nature, is distorted and incomplete.

I have shown that the attempt to reconstruct man by suppressing an integral part of him necessarily leads to a false philosophy of life. It only remains to indicate what is the true philosophy. Is it that adopted by the Hedonists, *i.e.*, Paganism ? Is it that of Huxley or Hemingway, *i.e.*,

Materialism? Is it that of Bertrand Russell and H. G. Wells and Powys, *i.e.*, Naturalism? Is it that of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Lenin—Liberalism or Communism? All these—and there are many other forms of the heresy—are essentially the same. They all attempt to solve the problem of human volition, to find an answer to man's cravings, by suggesting, more or less openly, sheer gratification.

This remedy, of course, is false; but not so false or dangerous as the repressive heresy which we have condemned. These systems all lead to sin, but sin *secundum naturam*, not *contra naturam*. Besides, they are so opposed to the natural religious instinct in man that they can never be accepted by a whole society for very long. They tend to dissolve the society, as in the case of ancient Rome, or are rejected in time by a reaction to the other extreme. The true and only answer, as we stated at the start, is the Catholic, the supernatural one. Man's nature is deranged—thanks to the Fall. But man has been redeemed. It needed God to reconstruct His original creation. As is said at the "Offertory"—we were marvellously made but more marvellously remade. Christ, the Redeemer, did not come to destroy but to fulfil, to regenerate. No human efforts could effect what that rebirth does. In fact, what the first Adam lost for the human race was more than replaced by the Second. The fact of grace more than compensates for what we lost, and supernatural redeemed man is a more excellent being than natural unfallen man. We are still apt to go wrong in seeking to satisfy our God-given craving for happiness, but the Grace of God gives us guidance and strength, and makes us even healthier than we were.

Asceticism, self-denial, of course, is an essential feature of the Christian life, inspired by that of Christ. Its function is to suppress what is disorderly in our nature, but it does not stop at mere suppression. It produces order and balance, and, even if it must remove what nature desires, it fills the void with something which enriches nature infinitely more. By substituting the love of God for the love of self, the human will exercises itself on the very Object for which it was created, and vigorously thrusts aside all obstacles. Hence, it follows that there is a true Christian Humanism—a holy joy of life. Redeemed human nature is no longer a wounded thing nor a thing permanently debased. It is a glorious thing, reflecting the beauty and dignity of Him whose image it is. It is the Temple of the Holy Ghost—a living cell of

the Mystical Body of Christ. This is not only a revealed truth, but the one rational explanation of the mystery of man and his desires. If even "the Word was made Flesh," what limits shall we place to the potentialities of redeemed nature? Just as history—which is philosophy in action—shows blind suppression to be destructive, it shows the Catholic solution of the human complex to be constructive. Study the great culture of the West created by the Church; get rid of all "protestant" ideas of progress and efficiency, and compare the culture of the thirteenth century with that of any other. Once rid of the falsehoods and fallacies that shroud it from the prejudiced, that Catholic culture stands out as essentially constructive, tending of itself to produce a happy and contented people, living under just and humane social and economic conditions. Wherever there is evidence of the reverse, you can point to an outbreak of that anti-human heresy, such as affected Northern Africa in the sixth century, the South of France in the twelfth century, Geneva in the sixteenth, England and Scotland ever since the seventeenth. A comparison between the state of aborigines in North and South America also proves my point. In spite of the cruelty of the Spanish Conquistadores, who brought with them Catholic influences, the South American Indian thrives prolifically and far outnumbers the descendants of his conquerors, and lives fairly happily, for all the belligerent tendencies of his rulers. The North American Indian, on the other hand, in spite of the humanitarian ideas of the Anglo-Saxon, belongs to a miserable dying race. In Canada, once more, we find the large families of the French, living on the soil, often poor, but never destitute, and usually happy, in contrast to the unrest of the non-Catholic.

Spain, the South of France, Italy and Southern Germany are not lands of dancing and singing merely because the sun shines there. It is because they are Catholic, because they are true humanitarians, because they know that the body is not bad, that the joy of life is a great gift from God. Because they believe in a future life, they enjoy this life. They do not need money to be happy, they prefer the gifts God gave them—their mountains, the sun, the sound of their own voices, the movement of their own limbs.

In the joy of life, which is Catholic, you have the seed of Merry England, the England of Chaucer, the England which built our cathedrals and parish churches, the England of the

ballads and folk songs and minstrels, the England of the Guilds and Chantries, the England of colour and song and chivalry, the England of saints and scholars, and poets and peasants, the England which had a *right* to the glorious title "The Dowry of Mary"; the England which drank and sang, and played and prayed. That all this was destroyed, there is no doubt, nor is there any doubt as to what philosophy destroyed it. It was the puritanism, that went hand-in-hand with protestantism, that pulled down the monasteries, whitewashed the cathedrals, forbade the dancing and singing, made Mammon its God.

But surely, the present world is not puritan. No, puritanism has not survived Biblioilatry, but, when the Bible as well as the Church has been discarded, the reaction has not been to the true Faith and healthy enjoyment. The faculty has been destroyed. Pleasure has become commercialized. The cinema, a compost of all other forms of entertainment, has become so debased that Catholics have had to rise *en masse* and save it from itself. In Catholicism alone can be found the means of reforming the whole of man's quest for happiness. For unless we restore a true healthy Catholic philosophy of life, our civilization will die of self-corruption. We must give people the true message of the Cross—the true meaning of redemption, the true Christianity. The pseudo-Christianity which they have grown to hate or despise is *not* our Christianity, because it is not Christ's. The Church is not a society for the suppression of alcohol, it is not a bulwark of Capitalism, it gives no countenance to the exploitation of undeveloped nations; it is not intolerant, it is not miserable, it is not dull, it is not sentimental. It does not destroy human nature. It has an answer to all the difficulties of life, personal and social. It gives joy and happiness in this world and the next. It has a philosophy of life which permeates a man's whole make-up and influences every decision he makes. In a few vivid touches, St. Paul tells the Romans of its essence and its function. "May the God of Hope," he writes, "fill you with all joy and peace in your faith, so that you may abound in hope and in the power of the Holy Spirit." Man must always seek the joy and peace which comes from the fulfilment of desire. He can get them only in the great fellowship of the Church Catholic which teaches him Faith, Hope and Charity. Faith in himself, his neighbour, his country, his God. Hope which laughs at

pessimism, and gives him courage to face any evil. Charity which gives him a true idea of his own dignity and that of other men, because they are all made to the image of God on whom his will is always focused. In a word it makes him a whole man, the crown and wonder of creation.

J. P. WADSWORTH.

Emmanuel

IF I had lived in Bethlehem town,
It surely had been very sweet
In the cold straw to kneel me down
And kiss the tiny shivering feet

Of Mary's Babe, as there He lay—
While angels from beyond the skies
With glowing wings turned night to day,
And worshipped Him with radiant eyes.

But I who live in London town,
Of all God's children last and least,
Where shall I find to kneel me down?
How shall I keep His Birthday feast?

*The Glory of the Lord shall shine,
As once of old in Bethlehem,
But sinners' hearts shall hold the shrine
In which He comes to dwell with them.*

Then, since such matchless Holiness
Within so mean a home must dwell,
Renew my heart, O God, and bless
Its homage to Emmanuel.

M. V. GARLAND.

SOME CHURCHES IN CARINTHIA

MONTH readers will have had their appetites stimulated rather than sated by Father John Murray's charming sketch—"A Valley in Carinthia"—which appeared in April of last year, and I feel no scruples in broaching the subject once again from another aspect, the more so as Carinthia, the southernmost province of the Austria of to-day, is perhaps less known to the tourist than its more northerly neighbours, though it surpasses them in interest and charm. It would be hard to find a more delightful way of spending a holiday than to wander through this lovely country—surely the most beautiful in Europe—whose people stretch out hands of welcome, and ask nothing better than to be allowed to show hospitality to visitors, on whom, indeed, their hopes of moderate prosperity depend. For, in addition to our own enjoyment, we can sincerely feel that we are giving help to friends in distress, and every day spent in Austria means practical as well as sentimental sympathy. To the Catholic, especially if he be an archaeologist, Carinthia possesses an added interest in its ancient churches and religious foundations. And further, if he is an enthusiast for baroque, well, Austria is the home of baroque, and in Carinthia, as in the other provinces, he can study this joyous outcome of the counter-Reformation in its early and late developments. But for some of us Romanesque architecture has a magnetic force, and those churches to be described here hold still this attraction in what of Byzantine and Romanesque yet remains.

We must begin with the old Benedictine abbey of Millstatt, an easy journey by express train or car from either Innsbruck or Salzburg. The railway runs through the deep Gastein valley, piercing the Tauern range, and descending to Spittal and the Wörther See. An omnibus runs thence to the lake of Millstatt and to the town itself—not, by the way, the "town by the mill," but "of the thousand statues." The legend runs that Domitian, a Frankish knight of Charlemagne's court, came to evangelize Carinthia, if necessary by the sword. Among the hills which enclose the lake, he found a Pantheon of no less than a thousand statues of the Roman gods. These he hurled into the lake and, in retribution it may be imagined, his only son was drowned therein.

Domitian, a man who allowed no obstacles to daunt him, drained the homicidal lake and uncovered the peninsula on which Millstatt stands to-day. Here he built the earliest church, the forerunner of the eleventh century Benedictine monastery. Both were burnt down in 1221, but were immediately rebuilt, what remained of the old structure being embedded in the new.

The Benedictines later gave way to the Knights of St. George, formed to fight the Turks in 1468, an enterprise without much fruit, for they had no funds and the Turks were able to burn the little city under their very eyes. But the monastery was spared and owes to them the magnificent Gothic vaulting of the church and the beautiful arcaded courtyard. They, in their turn, were replaced by the Jesuits in 1598, who gave the church its high baroque additions and the fine gilded statues of the Jesuit saints. The Jesuits were driven out of Austria in 1773, and the deserted monastery buildings have now become in part an hotel, and in part are used for the town offices. But the church has become a national monument and is reverently cared for. It stands above the monastery buildings and the lake below them, with massive twin towers and cupolas, the west front covered with frescoes still brightly coloured. The churchyard is a blaze of flowers. The glory of the church is the west entrance with its splendid Romanesque portal. For it alone Millstatt will be remembered, though indeed it is a place which few will forget. In the tympanum Our Lord blesses the founder, who kneels hugging his church, and the sun and moon look on. The supporting pillars and arches have every variety of Romanesque tracery and the heraldic beasts so dear to the medieval sculptor are there in all their symbolic and fantastic charm. We might spend hours in the cloisters tracing out the symbolism of the capitals and bases of the pillars—the pelican, the griffin, the lions, the creatures for which we cannot find a name, the grapes and ears of corn. The monks have gone, but the atmosphere of peace remains, a pervading atmosphere, even in the tragic and faction-torn Austria of to-day.

From Millstatt it is a short distance to the narrow Wörther See. Its warm, sunny waters are surrounded by hills and woods, the high Karawanken range stands to the south, a mountain bulwark. The pilgrimage church of Maria Wörth is set on a steep promontory jutting out into the lake. Its

steep roof and high spire dominate the surrounding waters, a landmark on all sides. Maria Wörth is not one church only, but two, for a smaller church, the church of the Rosary, stands just below the more conspicuous one. Both churches are equally ancient and important; the larger one is mentioned in documents of 830 A.D., and though little of that building remains, pillars from it are preserved in the crypt. The smaller one has ninth-century frescoes, and a little window, with the Madonna and crescent moon. Both are thought by experts to show traces of heathen Byzantine art. On the feast of the Assumption pilgrims crowd to Maria Wörth from far and near, for it is the mother church of the whole surrounding country. That little church, jutting out into the waters, stands a living witness to the devotion of the Austrian peasant to the Mother of God.

Maria Saal, on the northern side of the lake, is another famous church, and far more imposing. Though it has not the lovely situation of Maria Wörth, it stands grandly on the hills, and is one of the very few fortified churches in Europe. The surrounding moat is now dry, and filled with gardens, but in medieval times it must have presented a formidable barrier to Hungarians and Turks, and the gate-house and drawbridge still remain. It has a fine Romanesque charnel house, as has Maria Wörth, and a remarkable "light pillar," "licht saule." These pillars stood in churchyards with a light burning inside their canopies to scare away demons, and that of Maria Saal is very fine late Gothic—a twisted column carrying an elaborate canopy and crocketed spire—a work of art.

The church has many Roman bas-reliefs inserted in its outer walls, taken from the Roman city of Viromun in the immediate neighbourhood. We come unexpectedly upon Roman chariots and horses and inscriptions, while a very perfect relief of Romulus and Remus with the wolf is to be seen in the wall of the porch. Inside, the church is mainly Gothic, its chief treasures being two beautiful fifteenth century triptychs, carved in wood and coloured, the coronation of Our Lady, and the even more beautiful St. George.

But the church of all others in Carinthia is the basilica of Gurk. It stands lonely and solemn in the hills at the head of an Alpine valley, its stark austerity a sharp contrast to the joyous beauty of the sunny, flower-strewn meadows at its feet. It is strangely incongruous for a great Romanesque

church, made glorious by Gothic, Renaissance and baroque additions, to be thus stranded in the mountains. But the history of Gurk gives the explanation. Hemma, Countess of Friesach, a great lady and the mother of her people (as the sacristan told us, kneeling before her tomb), founded a convent of Benedictine nuns in 1040 A.D. at Gurk, in reparation for the ill-deeds of her husband, and also built a church. The archbishop of Salzburg coveted the lands, turned out the nuns and installed a suffragan bishop who began to build a cathedral somewhere about 1150. When the great church was finished in 1195, its transept and twin towers indicated that it was meant to be an independent episcopal church, and its bishops refused to acknowledge the supremacy of Salzburg. The struggle lasted into the sixteenth century, when finally the archbishop regained the rights of his See, and Gurk was gradually deserted. It is now a national monument, and serves as a parish church in a village with less than seven hundred people. But the rivalry of many hundred years made it a storehouse of treasures reverently preserved.

The massive west front is severely plain. The glories of Gurk are within. The main entrance has Gothic frescoes in its inner porch, and a lovely Romanesque doorway, somewhat later than that of Millstatt, with no figures, but pillars in alternate shafts of polished and unpolished marble, supporting recessed Romanesque arches, tier upon tier. The twelfth-century doors are carved with subjects from the Old and New Testament, and in the western gallery, originally the bishop's chapel from which he would have gazed down the length of the church, are the thirteenth century frescoes, dating from 1214. They depict the life of Our Lady, and the ethereal delicacy of their design and colouring, together with the exquisite arcading of the chapel, have justly gained for it the name of "Himmelreich"—Paradise—and made it the most lovely thing of its kind in Austria.

In the church itself is Donner's masterpiece, a lovely Pietà, and a magnificent baroque pulpit, the work of his pupil, Moll. The group of figures on the sounding board makes no secret of the objects of the counter-Reformation. The true Church is enthroned; on one side an angel thrusts the Devil back into Hell, and on the other, Heresy, in the dress of a Lutheran noble, falls head downwards, refusing even in his fall the chalice held out to him by Faith. The baroque high altar, with its hundred and sixty gilded saints, among them our

own St. Thomas of Canterbury, is the work of a craftsman of the village in the eighteenth century, and tells its own tale of the culture which must have existed at that time. There are remarkably carved and coloured reliefs of an earlier date, telling the story of the holy Countess Hemma, who is seen superintending the farm work of her peasants, nursing the sick, building her church, and dying amidst the lamentations of her people—truly the valiant woman of Proverbs. Her tomb is in the crypt, and there, too, is the stone seat from which she directed the work of her stonemasons. The crypt is Romanesque; over a hundred slender columns support its arches. As we face them, they are round, but as we turn to right and left, they form a vista of pointed arches, most perfect and lovely.

The basilica itself is built of blocks of iron quartz, mellowed by time to a lovely golden brown. At its eastern end are three small Romanesque apses, crowned with a running frieze, but baroque altars block them from inside the church, though they may be entered from behind them.

The churches of Carinthia stand above the lakes or in the southern valleys. But the mountain church of Heiligenblut raises its pointed steeple under the shadow of the Gross Glockner, Austria's highest mountain, itself the highest village church of Carinthia. It is venerated throughout the country, for its richly carved ciborium contains the phial of the Holy Blood brought from Santa Sophia by Briccius the Dane, and given to him by the Emperor Leo, as a reward for his services. Briccius was returning to his native country, but was lost in a snowstorm near the Glockner. Blades of wheat sprang up through the snow to mark his body, and when it was uncovered, the precious phial was found hidden in a deep gash in his side. A church was built on the spot, replaced by the present one in 1483. It is still one of the most famous pilgrimage churches in Austria, crowded at festivals during the summer months.

Austria is still one of the most Catholic countries of Europe. Her people are worn by poverty and faction, but though her future is hanging in the balance, the death of her heroic Chancellor who laboured to restore her Faith, may do for her what in life he could not do—bring to her the unity she lacks. All Catholics who visit this country can give its sorely tried people fresh hope and courage to maintain their Faith and their independence—the pivot of European peace.

FAITH OUTSIDE THE FOLD

AS Grace builds upon the health and virtue of nature where they already exist, so revealed Truth addresses itself to the earnest seeking of the intellect and emotion of the natural man who honestly turns his faculty in that direction. This has always been understood by the Church's most skilled and persuasive apologists: but not always, perhaps, in its fulness by the less adroit and experienced. Yet never was the principle better worth attention than in our modern day, when the absence (over great multitudes of men) of explicit and formed belief in God and the soul and the sacramental system and the Presence of Christ in His Church is matched only by a perpetual looking-round for *some* religion, enough to keep at bay the encompassing darkness, "enough to live by," if not to keep the spirit warm, morally enterprising and assured.

There lives more faith in honest questioning than we sometimes suppose; not "than in half the creeds"—a somewhat wild surmise of the poet's. We must neither misjudge the creeds—nor the creedless. The eager, teachable type have "their lights" given them, and only by cherishing such lights can they find their way to the fuller, central light. The Logos, we are told, "lighteneth every man that cometh into the world": He is immanent Reason, and therefore informs all the honest and effective operations of reason and science, the community life of man, the arts and crafts. Even the halting approximating religions, as distinct from those which have broken off from the full Truth (and even these latter are not wholly abandoned) are "but broken lights of Thee."

To Catholics who would commend their Faith to others, this idea of the intellectual world should be a practical help in method, no less than an incentive to witness, and to give a reason for the Hope that is within them. It will help them to listen knowledgeably to the *affirmative* sayings of their non-Catholic and non-Christian acquaintance, as more significant and real very often than their negations or omissions. The *positive* element affords us a handle, and the best handle. You can go with a man a mile, and by doing so perhaps persuade him to go with you twain. Some of their fragmentary creeds are actually vestiges of the Catholic Faith, and

as such, are at once recognizable by us: but others are possibly more part of the heritage of the human affections, the unspoiled part of nature, the parental or social instinct, the sympathies. In either case, they are to be welcomed and understood—and linked on to what we have to offer.

For instance, Mr. Havelock Ellis in his latest book says: "The home-feeling of the Universe—that is for me religion. Others may reach the end by other paths; but there are some of us whose peace of spirit in the actual world, as well as our practical activity, depends on the possession of a home-feeling in the universe." Excellent. Were I conversing with Mr. Ellis, it would be far from me to deprecate this attitude or the discipline by which he has reached it: that is always a mistake, not only in psychology and tactic, but in the higher respect of truth. Quite genuinely, I should have to agree that he has seized one important phase of religion—but I should have also to add that the originator of this home-feeling was, as history attests, none other than He who taught us to say Our Father, and who spoke of the Father's many mansions; who exorcized the degrading sorts of fear, and showed the universe as God's house. For Our Lord's own inner life was calm and confiding and unmoved, even when the bloodhounds were baying and closing in for His life in Jerusalem. "Weep not for Me." "My peace I give to you." "I will give you rest." Many a supposed sage and leader has given us restlessness: but who else ever gave us the jewel, rest? That is "the secret of Jesus": a life planted deep and rooted in God. Always and in every way, the *Son*: and a portion of that sonship is available for us, now that the Way is open and the Type disclosed. For He is more than example: He is "the Filial Power, clothed in love Divine."

Such is the appropriate answer of Christianity to the almost-Christian: most frequently a "Yes, *and* ——." The love of nature, again, and its phenomena, is a cult, in itself innocent and revealing, and has been so even before the Romantic revival, and Wordsworth, and the moderns. There is no need to reject or denounce it—we shall get no countenance for so doing from St. Francis, to name only one of many profound Catholic types. In fact, let it be whispered, many good souls are definitely and demonstrably the poorer in equipment for lacking, in some degree, this resonance to the pageant of the worlds. It is a million pities, that in some

periods and circles, the arts, the senses and the natural world were ever estranged from the religious spirit. Read Francis Thompson's brilliant Essay on Shelley for a piercing analysis of that loss. At its most vital, the Faith has included them easily and as of right. Musician, painter, sculptor, poet, orator—all have their rightful place within sight of the Christian altar, where everything good in man should be offered. As to the "religion" of nature, a misnomer when looked into, at least let us remember that the spiritual suggestion everywhere present from star to leaf was vividly realized in the Parables of Our Lord, who exhorts men to behold the signs of the sky at night and morning, the flowers of the field, the sower and ploughman, the fisherman, the housewife and her sought treasure, the labourers in the vineyard. Poems they are in themselves, transparent to divine meanings; and as consummate works of art, containing the infinite in a little room, they can be and are legitimately admired.

We often hear it said that conduct rather than belief is what matters. It is said sometimes with polemic intention, and, anyhow, is inadequate as a definition of man's spiritual role; inadequate, but not therefore wholly untrue. Without trying here to strike the time-honoured balance between faith and works, practical works *do* count—they count vastly to the semi-religious onlooker, they count greatly with God. It is one of the few things upon which God and the world are agreed; that the Christian should *habitually* and in normal behaviour differ from the average or non-professing. So here again, instead of rebutting the statement, let us take to heart the truth implicit in the thousand and one shapes in which it is uttered. By all means, *add* to it; but denial will not help either your interlocutor or yourself.

There are points too which, without surrendering an iota of the Faith, we can yield to the sincere critic; and strengthen our case. This, of course, needs wisdom and firmness, candour and acquaintance with the facts. (Nothing needs better generalship than a very brief retreat—and the immediate recovery.) For instance, the contrast between the ideal and the actual in Church History. It will often be cited in a Catholic's presence. We do not advance matters as a rule by wholesale denials, nor by irritation, nor by maladroit defence. We are Catholics, and can be good ones without having to take upon our shoulders the aberrations of everyone in the Church (high or low) who has ever gone wrong. It needed

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, in 1926, to face this question with wisdom :

When we look upon this history [he said] we find to our amazement that there are many things that we must deplore, that many mistakes have been made, that there has been much wickedness, even in high places. And just as in childhood and when we are growing up we are shocked to find faults and flaws in the character of those whom we love and revere, so we are shocked almost to the point of scandal to be brought face to face in the Catholic Church—the Spouse of Christ, founded by Him without blemish—with episodes which may sometimes be explained to some extent, but which can never be wholly excused. The first fact, the first principle, we must bear in mind is this : that God has bestowed upon intelligent beings the gift of free will. It is attracted, it is guided, it is assisted, but it is never compelled. Because man may freely turn to right and no less freely turn to wrong, it is inevitable that there should be scandals in the world. . .

Another fact we must never forget is that in the midst of these inevitable shortcomings, God is ever present in His Church. There is always a germ of salvation working in the Church, waiting only to be tended and cultivated so that it may grow into an immense force that will overcome sin and remove scandal and create a new world again, showing forth the Church in all the strength of her majesty and power.¹

Such an admission is more properly a bracing affirmation, and is worth a bushel of evasions or contradictions. Does the patriotic Englishman consent to everything ever done in the past by her soldiers and citizens and Parliaments and Kings? Does the devotee of Liberty necessarily approve of all that has been done in the name of Liberty? Very well, then. Neither does the Catholic of to-day, who cherishes the light of conscience fed by Church and Sacraments, confirm or champion some of the things done in the name of religion or the Church. Rather has he the right to regret them, and on a proper occasion, to say so. But, one repeats, admission and regret must be expressed according to knowledge of the facts and of principles. Hearing such expression, many a

¹ Quoted in "Cardinal Bourne at Westminster," by R. J. Dingle.

man of implicit religion—and indeed of implicit Catholicism—would take five paces nearer to the Church. It is sometimes only the mistaken fear that we stand committed to all the wrongs of the past done in religion's name, that keeps him aloof and suspicious.

Thus, that lively controversialist, Mr. St. John Ervine, has lately, in a feminist journal, argued that Catholics do not habitually read the Bible. Not that he thinks, himself, this is a necessary thing (thus weakening his case); but he makes the point. Now, oddly enough, even the Catholics who crossed swords with him missed the plain answer: (1) that Catholics *must* attend Mass, and (2) therefore *must* hear all the key-points of the Gospel read out in the vernacular during the Church's year, and (3) hear them expounded, and (4) the whole Mass, and Vespers, and Compline is a mosaic of Scripture—and very much else besides. Complete (and, I hope, courteous) as this answer is, I am still inclined to say: "Thank you, Mr. Ervine, we *don't* read the Bible enough, some of us. Do you? Do your Protestant friends? Does anybody? We Catholics are exhorted to. We have now a scholarly and accurate translation so arranged as to attract readers. We have, moreover, a three and sixpenny 'Layman's New Testament' which, though it has a huge circulation, ought to have a larger."

We Catholics accuse ourselves in the confessional; we ought to be able to criticize ourselves outside it. And certainly we ought to be able to take a tap or two from critics, which were doubtless meant for our good.

Then there are the numbers of people who, in lieu of loving or serving God, have elected to love and serve humanity—as if there were any mutual exclusion. The way to answer humanists is not to decry or denigrate humanity, which, Heaven knows, *needs* loving and serving, and which, after all, has been taken upon Himself by the Son of God. It is rather to point out that the worth of the human being was first, and best, shown by the Incarnation, and by nothing else in any comparable degree. Humanism is but a faint after-glow of Christianity; and would have been, and would be, impossible without it. Indeed, without a leavening of the Faith in the world, these latter-day humanisms and liberalisms will turn sour upon us, and will appear rootless and incredible. Which is just what we see happening where Christianity, with its emphasis upon the soul's immortality, the Unseen

and Eternal, is slighted. Philanthropy and reform must wilt and die when the mainspring goes. They become "eugenics" and interference, doctrinaire theory and inspection, with the cold mechanic touch which human dignity resents.

Incompleteness, in short, is the handicap of non-Catholic systems : incompleteness, even more than outright negation. It is for us to supplement them.

In the ecclesiastical sphere, there is controversy among us as to whether Anglo-Catholicism is a half-way house which keeps people from Catholicism, or whether it is a bridge to the Church. Surely the witness of facts and figures should help us here. Statistics say that it is a bridge, a passage-way, and an introduction, for many, and this should guide our behaviour and argument with those who have come thus far toward us. What is true of them is true, in a different way, of others. There is a great amount of good faith in the world which has not as yet found its goal. The most promising starting point is to admit the good faith, and act accordingly. Even in occasional protests and demurs there is a certain "unconscious faith"; thus, the contrast between inner ideas of justice and the external facts often breeds doubts and depressed philosophy—yet the discouraged onlooker frequently fails to see that his own moral criterion by which he judges is at least as significant as the perplexing facts under judgment. If there is evil in the world, there is also the God-given faculty by which we discover that it is evil and is abnormal. The pessimist is sometimes a man with Christian sensibilities, but without Christian beliefs, fortitude and consolations. Scolding is the last thing he deserves; rather can we agree with many of his impressions and strictures, while pointing to the compensating facts and laws of which we have knowledge. All the revolutions earth has witnessed, even the last and worst, the Russian, have found their motive power in a sense of outraged justice.

Merely to be shocked, therefore, at views or people differing from us is an unfruitful, naïve reaction. Better to learn from them, see their point, and answer it. This was Our Lord's patient way. Looking upon a young man who lived according to his lights responsibly, but had a lot to learn, "He loved him." And what a number of puzzled half-believers and non-believers exist among our acquaintances to-day whom we too can love and take some trouble over. Tolerance that is built on understanding and not on indifference is a great opener of

the eyes and mind. Indignation or fear, on the contrary, stop up ears and eyes; and the interview closes as it began, in estrangement, when it might have been a useful exchange of ideas and a growth in love and esteem. Our Lord, claiming to fulfil the words that Isaias spoke of Him, shows tender regard for the injured reed and the flickering lamp-wick. Shall His followers heedlessly break and quench?

W. J. BLYTON.

The Mission Field

LIFT up thine eyes, behold and see—
 How rich the fields to harvest turn—
 The fertile fields, where bend and sway
 Like myriad spears the shining ears,
 A golden-gleaming sea of light,
 Rippling to white
 As lists the wind, sighing all day,
 A wistful tune, as tho' they yearn
 To share the reapers' jubilee.

Lift up thine eyes again and mark
 That vast, that many-voiced throng,
 Which the brief joy of life entrals,
 For soon, ah, soon that fleeting boon
 From all that gladsome company
 Stolen shall be,
 And that which from the sickle falls
 Be gathered with the reapers' song,
 Ere Death creeps in upon the dark.

Yet lift thine eyes once more to know
 Of lands that lie beyond thy ken,
 Where, though God's Springtide breathes indeed,
 As yet in vain ripens the grain
 That His soil, ever fruitful, yields—
 His Harvest-fields;
 Because perchance thou wouldst not heed,
 Nor ask of Him for harvest-men
 To garner where His love did sow!

A.B.

THE STUDENTS' MISSIONARY LEAGUE

“**T**HE natives are quite happy without Christianity. All this business of sending out missionaries is merely the arrogance of Western civilization. The natives are better without them.” Such is an objection that is being urged to-day. It is imperative that it should be met, for it is of the sort that is calculated to filter in even among Catholics whose sense of the supernatural is being blunted by the ambient paganism. And even among better-instructed Catholics in this country, one hears occasionally that other, almost equally shortsighted, objection, “Why go out to the missions? We have enough to do at home.”

Now it would be grossly unfair to English Catholicism to suggest that much was not being done for the missions in England. To say nothing of the splendid work of the missionary Orders, there are active in England the Pontifical works of the A.P.F., the Holy Childhood and the Sodality of St. Peter, Apostle; there is the Sodality of St. Peter Claver; there is the St. Francis Leper Guild; there is the Catholic Women’s Missionary League; there are numerous small “mission-societies” in convents . . . what need have we of more? Now all these organizations, besides stimulating prayer for the missions, are striving each in its special way to provide them with material help. The news they spread about them is meant to excite generosity, but none of them aims directly at educating the Catholic mind by systematic teaching on the great mission-task of the Church. Such organized instruction is a vital need of the missions to-day. Of course, the missionary body itself should be highly-trained: that is the constant concern of authority. But it is also important that the laity should be told in detail their duties and their privileges in regard to the Apostolate, for it is evident that the foreign missions in the near future will need the help of the older-established churches in a way that history has never known. The decay of Christianity at home outside the Church, owing to the progress of Modernism in the Protestant bodies, is being reflected amongst their widespread missionary activities. Already detached observers

realize that the influence of the Catholic missionary alone has really good and permanent effects, and, as the desperate attempt to create a new South Indian Church based on "compromise" indicates, even Protestants themselves feel that their disunion is fatal and irremediable. Hence, not only are the fields white for the harvest, but their area is ever spreading, and hence there is need in England for a mission-aid society whose aim is to study how the Catholic evangelization of the world may be extended and speeded up.

It is to offer some inchoate relief of this necessity that the Students' Missionary League is being organized.

A Student, *vi verbi*, is one who studies, whether still at school or afterwards. Any complete scheme of missionary studies must have in view both classes. If, then, the S.M.L. is to cater adequately for each, it must, sooner or later, provide separate courses, but this need not be considered until the experiment has proved that it has the germs of real vitality and growth. What is at present suggested, though it may seem applicable only to schoolboys, can readily, *mutatis mutandis*, be extended to other and older groups.

As with any topic, such as history or geography, that cannot be reduced to a "philosophy," the prime difficulty of mission-study is to know where to begin. There are certain fundamental questions, such as whether to aim at converting large numbers of pagans in a short time or at building solidly-established churches and leaving numbers to the future, which might be taken as the ground-work of the study. But such abstract questions appeal to few. The interest of mission-study is primarily an interest in facts. Therefore, the S.M.L., following the lead of similar organizations abroad, takes the Holy Father's monthly missions-intention in the Apostleship of Prayer as a starting-point, and deals, month by month, with topics bearing directly on that intention.

The plan of study in the ideal presupposes two meetings of the group each month. At the first meeting the *Bulletin*¹ article is read. (It is desirable that each member should have his own copy, for these articles will eventually form the basis of a stock-in-trade of knowledge of the missions, useful for reference.) It is then determined what questions concerning that field of missionary activity are best worth study. The questions being chosen, they are allotted to the members of

¹ The *Bulletin* is the organ of the S.M.L., published monthly from October to July inclusive.

the group. The article itself will usually give a brief account of the mission selected. To supplement this the first essential is a map : the geographer of the party is deputed to find, or perhaps to make, a map ; if numbers allow, someone else is appointed to prepare a brief description of the country and to outline the sphere in which the various missionary Orders are engaged, commenting on their special geographical difficulties. Among older students there would be room for a companion-commentary on economic geography, and even perhaps a succinct statement of ethnological interest. One member will outline the historical aspect of the coming of Christianity to the mission if that has not already been done in the article. And finally, whatever genius has the gift for drawing up statistical diagrams will be duly commissioned to do his best and translate into attractive blue and green and red squares and circles those figures that are usually so plentiful, and to the ear so meaningless, in studies of this sort. Three weeks perhaps go by, and the second meeting is held. Each brings his contribution and listens attentively to those of the others. The librarian of the party fastens upon those who have brought valuable contributions and discovers from them where they acquired them, noting the reference down in the card-index kept for the purpose. The meeting closes, minds enriched by a valuable co-operative effort on a topic of first-rate educational value, and it will be hard indeed if the heart, too, has not been touched by the vision of what is being done and what yet remains to be done for Christ, and if the seeds of some future vocation are not sown.

It need hardly be said that the sketch given is only meant as the barest suggestion ; there will be unlimited room for divergence, modification or amplification according to circumstances or the matter of the study. Between the ideal and what can be achieved there will probably be a great gulf fixed. Difficulties bristle everywhere ; there is no need to enlarge on them. The League cannot succeed without generous and devoted work. But if the labour and the cause be set beside each other, why should we fear the difficulties ? Quite apart from the supreme motive of inspiring apostolic zeal, there are practical advantages : how often, for instance, does one hear Catholic masters lamenting the inevitable divorce between religion and the subjects of the educational curriculum ? Here is a subject which not only provides a broadening influence comparable to that of travel, but provides it in close connexion

with the life of the Church. The scope of the League's study is the whole mission-field of the Church Universal; indeed, though "foreign" missions naturally figure more prominently, there is no reason why the Holy Father should not occasionally direct attention even to the mission-field in England. The broadened outlook, the sense of the Church's catholicity, which will come from these studies, will be a powerful stimulus to the devotional life of the members of the League, quite apart from inspiring them with zeal for mission-work.

One of the biggest difficulties in the way of the S.M.L. study-scheme is the absence of suitable books in English on the subject of the missions. But the books will never be published unless there is a demand for them. Publishers, willy-nilly, remain business-men. The scheme will eventually create the demand, and in creating it ensure its satisfaction. It is, indeed, disconcerting to compare our Catholic mission literature—honourable exception being made of the mission-journals and annals—with the enterprising work of the Students Christian Movement and of Edinburgh House. True, much of that work is paralleled, and no doubt excelled, by the C.T.S., but there remains a supply of mission-literature which is not adequately matched. The Students' Missionary League is conceived primarily as an organization for mission-study, but there lies before it a broad field of possible activity, as the source of enterprising propaganda based on business-like lines; who shall say what it may not achieve if it meets with support?

Study is the instrument of the League. Its most sacred ambition has been hinted at above. In addition, it aims at stimulating through study the generosity of those who are not called to give their lives to the missions; it aims also at training a body of men and women who will be able to further the cause by lectures and by their pens. To avoid the inconveniences of multiplying organizations, and to act, if possible, as a unifying influence, the League urges its members to take part in other forms of mission-aid by joining the special associations formed for those purposes. In particular, while not going to the length of making membership of the A.P.F. a condition of admission, it regards this as almost a point of honour. Moreover, its very simple and elastic constitutions—notably the absence of central control, and the autonomy of all groups—are designed to favour its establish-

ment as a branch-activity of some existing sodality, or university society, or the equivalent. In addition it welcomes as associate-members all those whose circumstances will not allow them to belong to a group. Among these may be numbered especially those who teach in schools where groups cannot be organized, and whose opportunities of bringing the Church's missions to the notice of the young can be reckoned more easily in number than in fruitfulness. It is hoped that income from the *Bulletin* will cover the cost of propaganda and management, but the price of the *Bulletin*, little more than a penny a month, is not such as to allow of large returns. For the pioneer stage of development no less than for more ambitious schemes that may develop later, any additional help would be invaluable.

We need not repeat that the plan is an ambitious and far-reaching one. But it cannot be too often repeated that the needs of the missions to-day are upon us a responsibility and for us an opportunity such as few generations of Christians have known. England, whose language opens doors in every region of the world, has a vast share in that opportunity and that responsibility. England, whose need of grace to win her people back to Christ, will abundantly be met by the gratitude of God if she is generous to other lands, has a special reason for missionary zeal. Nothing can enable her to rise to her splendid destiny save a courage and a hope founded on those words of her Saviour, "Have confidence, for I have overcome the world." It is in the spirit of that confidence that this little league dares to set before its members, and especially before its youth, the great ambition "The Faith to all nations, tribes and peoples before the end of the century."

L.B.

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THE ROMANTIC AT THE BAPTISTRY

HOW PANTHEISM INJURES POETRY

THE "dram of base" in the best of our Romantic poetry is its pantheism. Everybody knows that while the face of Romantic poetry is always towards the external things of nature, it is, none the less, subjectivistic in its essence. Indeed, it is for this very reason that it is unintelligible to many; for it does not offer any common objective tests. That is why it has been excellently said that Romantic poems are stained-glass windows; to be intelligible, they must be seen from within. How does this romantic vision come about?

The Poet is looking at some common sight of nature. Perhaps he sees a rising ground crowned with a line of trees that stand like a pattern of lace against a winter sunset; or perhaps it is some single thing he sees or hears, a figure in repose or a sound of calling; or perhaps it is some work of man, a design, or some such thing. And as he thus considers an object that is simply pleasing to his unsuspecting sense, the beauty of that thing seems suddenly and quietly to arrange itself into a truth or message, and it now appears to have significance. Nor is this meaning a partial or restricted showing, but something that conveys completeness; so much so, that the detail he considers seems to sweep all truth and all reality within its tiny range. Some people have such experiences all through life; with others they are intermittent or only known in early manhood. And they bring with them a sort of penetration or clairvoyance about many things that may somewhat disturb those who lack the principles and certainties by which all such experience can be controlled.

Of course, if one has not had experiences of this kind, it is not very helpful to try to imagine what they must be like. But it is affectation (or dullness) to admit to no experience of the wonder that is in things. And most people have had experiences that are analogous. Perhaps it was in some bit of country near the Sussex Downs, or at Stonehenge, or some such place, that one feels that the spot becomes bewitched, so that everything takes on significance. Irish people know how common such experiences are in their country, and that

very often without the stimulus of historic association of any kind. For Irish scenery has at times the most amazing knack of letting you consider it for a moment for your pleasure; and then, without the alteration of a shadow or a leaf, it seems, like some magician's alphabet, to arrange itself into a dream, into something that seems doubly precious now in its frail tenure of reality. In connexion with which it is curious to note that many of the Irish fairy tales are without any transport problem in the shape of magic carpets, and without liturgy in the shape of waving magic wands. You just stay put. Nothing that you see is altered in the least; but it is given to you to know in some intangible way that an invisible hand from Tir-na-Og has passed across the scene and you are now in Faery.

I do not say, of course, that the mere power to escape from the prosaic in the way I have just described is itself an explanation of the experience of the Romantics. But I think it serves its purpose analogically, by suggesting that the stimulus of external nature can produce more than a merely pictorial effect upon the mind. However, we must now allow the poets to speak for themselves. If I choose Shelley and Keats as the spokesmen of Romanticism, no one, I fancy, will say me nay. Nor need anyone think that, by this nineteenth-century choice, I am speaking of a subject that is obsolete. I am simply choosing unexceptionable examples of the school of poetry in which, even now, every novice learns his poetic pothooks.

It is not only true that Shelley sees the immensity of message in the minuteness of things, such as we have spoken about above, but it is probable that no one has ever described the experience half so well. In his "Adonais" we have the oft-repeated lament that this completeness of reality and truth, which is the message of the things of nature, is itself concealed by the messengers that bring it. Stated in a sort of comprehensive abstract it is just this, that

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

In the concrete, it is this, that

Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

In the third stanza this message is first a light. It is
 That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 which is the loveliest line in English poetry (apart from the
 other equally loveliest lines that may be favourites of my
 readers). Or it is beauty and benediction :

That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
 Of birth can quench not.

And finally, in a passage that is a marvellous technical
 achievement of expression, it is

That sustaining Love
 Which, through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst.

These *Is-beyond-the-Seems* passages are very genuine, and Shelley fulfils all the requirements of the moderns in the matter of sincerity. Where he excels them, and follows a tradition which they may be greatly mistaken in forsaking, is in his ability to satisfy all the demands of sincerity within the boundaries of rhythm. Indeed, if poetry be a process of isolating and thereby idealizing the beauty, or the truth, or some such excellence of life, Shelley must be given high marks as a poet; for there is no poet less prosaic.

Keats's ode "On a Grecian Urn" displays that marvellous process of almost imperceptible progression from mere observation into magic of which he is the undisputed patentee. It begins with description, and description of dynamic action :

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

From the first stage of the dynamic we pass unsuspectingly to the static. All action is arrested in the midst of its career. First music :

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:

then love :

Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

and so forth. Yet, even as we read, there has already crept into this static stage, by some elusive process known to the poet, a suggestion of significance. It is not so much the arrest of things that have been finished and done with, but the arrest of things that have escaped into inevitable endurance. And in the final stanza the suggestiveness that has thus started to emerge, completes the transformation of the figures on the urn, which have now arranged themselves into the symbols of eternity, and truth, and beauty.

Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

In this we see the same process at work as in the poetry of Shelley. But while Shelley cries out from the heart, Keats makes us accept delays and lusciousness. He is the innocently sensuous poet who must linger, and must taste. You drink the clear sparkling waters of Shelley, enriched with rainbows, to assuage your thirst; but the pace of such thirst-quenching is other than the meditative tasting of

a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth.

The above quotations sufficiently show that Shelley and Keats were subject to the Romantic experience of which we spoke. Such experience is a blameless thing in itself, and —to certain minds—an inevitable occurrence. It is when we come to the interpretation that these poets put upon their experience that we begin to get somewhat dubious and reluctant.

The philosophy of Shelley's "Adonais" may be easily misunderstood. The mute meanings which his delicate hands discover in the things of nature are so final and complete that they are marked by capitals : One, Eternity, Light, Beauty, Benediction, and Love. And it might seem that he is here naming the attributes of God. It would be pleasant to think that this were so. But there are things about this poem that cause regretful hesitation. Why, when each stanza provides

a context that calls out for it, is there no mention of the name of God? The poet who discovers beauty in which all things live and move, would seem bound, both by his own discovery and the scriptural association of the words by which he describes it, to speak of God. Why does he not do so? Because, I fear, he does not recognize the createdness of things. There is nowhere the suggestion of distinctions. In spite of all the assertion of the greatest realities there is a baffling quality of negation about this poem. When St. Augustine found the things of nature calling out their own inability to explain themselves, he rises to that simplest and clearest of all distinctions known to the mind by finding their explanation in their Creator. The whole context of the "Adonais" is set in the identical direction. But just as we are about to take hold of Reality, it evades our grasp like the insubstantiality of some disappointing dream. The distinction of the One from the other is wanting, and down that want lies the void of pantheism. It is only by ignoring its philosophy (always a regrettable necessity) that the poetry can be enjoyed.

In saying that the poetry of Keats is also pantheistic we must make some allowances. It rather reveals unconscious pantheism than a systematic conclusion; and, had he lived, we do not know what philosophy he might have formed. There is something strong in him, more than a suggestion of the possibility of that development which his early death cut short.

It would be manifestly unfair to base one's ascription even of unconscious pantheism on his "Grecian Urn" alone. For, though there is discovery of truth and beauty, and mention of eternity to tease our thought, neither the subject nor the incidental contexts necessitate any profession of the author's faith. But if we collate the "Grecian Urn" with the rest of his work, there is gradually and inevitably brought to us the perception that essential beauty is not attributed to any Supreme Being nor referred for explanation to anything outside creation. As with Shelley, there is nowhere any recognition of the createdness of things. One might say, perhaps, that, since he never wrote about religious subjects (and even in his "Eve of St. Agnes" there is more of eve than Agnes) the argument from silence does not hold. This, to my thinking, is a poor defence to make of any writer who is sincere, since it is scarcely possible to write with sincerity and not

incidentally declare one's faith. And it is a worthless defence of one who, in all his best work, thinks *in acie mentis*. If one should say that his "Grecian Urn" is not so much pantheistic as Greek, I have no quarrel with the euphemism. But I think it is allowable to call attention to the fact that it is not in the same moral category as the poetry of ancient Greece. For the original pagan did not necessarily offend against the enlightenment of his times, whereas the nineteenth century Greek ignores the inherited Christian enlightenment of all the intervening centuries.

We have now to inquire into the more difficult and vital portion of our task. Granted that much Romantic poetry is pantheistic, and granted that pantheism is an error, how are we to account for its occurrence? While it is easy to condemn the pantheist, how may we hope to explain the poet? We must go warily here, and we must make a small excursion into philosophy.

A true work of art is the making of something which is of great value because of the mind of the person who makes it. Thus, a work of art in water-colour is a thing of value, not because of the material out of which it is made; for that is but a sheet of paper, water, and some colours, but because of the artist who fashions those trivial material things into the image of his mind. And since it is the image of his mind, it will always bear the trace of its maker. For which cause we say a picture of Turner's is Turneresque, a Sargent Sargent-esque and so forth. Nor do we find it very amazing that a portrait by Sargent should make us think of Sargent. We are not in the least bit baffled or surprised. And why should we be, since his work (his best work, I mean, for men are mortal and they nod) is but the image of his mind; and since his picture is a thing that he has made? Actually, it is the fact that it is *made* that makes our discovery of his personality so simple and devoid of all perplexity. For *making* means this: that you take some things that exist already and you fashion them into the image of your mind. Thus a Sargent portrait is the mind of Sargent shown through the medium of paint and canvas. If we call works of art creations, we know that we are simply being inaccurate for the sake of emphasis. Creation means that, out of no things that previously exist and by the power of mind alone, something does come into existence. When, therefore, we call fine works of

art creations, we simply mean to emphasize their true value by insisting on the extent to which they depend for their value on the mind of the artist, and how little on the material out of which they are made.

Now, it is God alone who can create. Whereas men make things out of material that exists already, God makes without any seizing of pre-existent things, but out of nothing by that operation of the Divine Intelligence which we call His Word. The traces of the Divine Artist, therefore, are not to be discovered through the medium of any arrangement of material, but in the contingent existential act of things.

It is this fact that explains the finality and completeness of the message that is in each trifling thing. What happens is that certain types of mind, and they are the finest types because they have a sort of unschooled metaphysics that comes by nature, find themselves considering the things they see in their reality as works of art. And since the artist is Divine the things that He has made bespeak His attributes. Thus, it is no wonder that in the frank opening of the petals of a flower you should have some mute speaking of Candour and of Beauty in their essence; nor is it strange that in the dignified obeisance which the trees make to the wind you should find some tribute to Authority. No more strange is it that a late mellow afternoon should sometimes seem to arrest itself, and to suggest that all things will be for ever as they are; or that some cadency of sound should seem to express finality of truth. And, though we cannot stop to develop it in full, the same sort of evidence of, or pointing to, an Artist is present everywhere, with a gradually ascending clarity as you rise in the hierarchy of visible created things, until it bursts into explicitness and acknowledgment in the minds and hearts of men.

It is this fact, too, that explains how the pantheistic error comes. When we consider the things of nature in their reality as works of art we may, through force of habit, try to discover their Maker through some medium. Since He has made out of nothing, there is no such medium; and, as we have seen, His trace is in the contingent existential act of things. Wherever, then, owing to some defect of education or of life, there is antecedent error regarding the existence of God, the Romantic spectator of nature will be strangely baffled by his search for explanations. The moment he tries to extricate himself by advancing to a medium of some sort he finds he

is perilously stepping into nothingness. And when he recoils from that adventure it is only to step back into the prison of the things that he is trying to explain. To this durance of the mind one gives the name of pantheism. It is not a substantive in any true sense, but only a description of an erroneous position, that is at once a pity and a penalty.

In the course of what I have written, one thing, it seems to me, has incidentally been made clear: that there is no inevitable connexion between the Romantic spirit and pantheism. The Romantic way of looking at nature, so far from being reprehensible, is in reality the highest artistic method of consideration. But such high experience immediately demands some explanation in philosophy, and it is here that many of our poets have foundered. Their inability to discover the createdness of things is born of their ignorance of God, and this defect of Faith must necessitate their waiting at the Baptistry, amongst the Catechumens, excluded from the Mystery. But let no one take this in any unsympathetic sense. Our human nature is so complicated and so many-sided that, when we do but begin to condemn, we are in danger of injustice. To keep the harmony of our subject, let us say that no one can know us except the Artist who has made us, and no one else is competent to judge. If we regret, as we must regret, the pitiable defect of Shelley, let us balance it, as best we may, with the sincerity and spirituality of his striving. Indeed, all this has been already done for him by the famous Essay of his fellow-poet Thompson, whose poetry is the glorious vindication of the English Muse, and who has at last brought the Romantic to the Font. In this connexion one might say that a certain intrepid courage and originality of Thompson have not fully got their due. For it was a lonesome task to justify the ways of English Romanticism to the mind of Faith. Impelled by the poetry that was in him he came to the Romantics, but the ancient Faith he brought with him made his Muse feel strange in the company she had to keep; for their thoughts were not her thoughts, nor their ways hers:

The touches of man's modern speech
Perplex her unacquainted tongue;
There seems through all her songs a sound
Of falling tears. She is not young.¹

¹ "The Singer saith of his Song."

That he was himself a Romantic none who read this neat and exquisite stanza need ever doubt :

Within her eyes' profound arcane
Resides the glory of her dreams ;
Behind her secret cloud of hair,
She sees the Is beyond the Seems.¹

And that he felt the isolation of his way and realized the nature of his task is clear enough when he concludes :

Her heart sole-towered in her steep spirit,
Somewhat sweet is she, somewhat wan ;
And she sings the songs of Sion
By the streams of Babylon.²

JOHN P. MURPHY.

¹ "The Singer saith of his Song."

² *Ibid.*

Love Gets by Giving

"**L**IIGHT, seeking light, doth light of light beguile."¹
Then, O my heart !
Doth Love, in seeking love, from love remove,
Till, in a little while,
He knock upon the door and find no love
And empty must depart? . . .
My love would fear to ask your love of you
If *this* were true,—
"Love, seeking love, doth love of love beguile."

Oh, no ! The sun is but a cresset flare
To light Man's steps along life's trivial way.
Light wanes, light lessens, but love waxes still.
Love gets by giving ; given, still is there
And doth by emptying fill ! . . .
So will I ever beat upon your door
And, being given, beat again and say,—
"Give ! Give me more !"

WILLIAM BLISS.

¹ "Love's Labour's Lost," Act 1, Scene 1.

MEMORY AND IMMINENT DEATH

If we know nothing of the beginnings of our mortal existence, it must be admitted that we know hardly more concerning the time and the essential criteria of life's ending. Some few years ago the Spanish canonist, Father Ferreres, S.J., created a considerable sensation in theological circles by an essay which he published on the administration of the sacrament of Extreme Unction in cases when death, to all appearance, has already taken place. Supported by sound medical authority, he maintained that even where there has been protracted illness and when all the vital forces have been consumed by fever and mal-nutrition, it is lawful to bestow conditional absolution and to perform the usual anointings half an hour or more after the sick man, in popular estimation, has drawn his last breath. Indeed, Father Ferreres did not himself set any definite term to the possibilities of survival so long as putrefaction had not unmistakably set in. Regarding the principle which underlies this contention, viz., that actual death and apparent death cannot safely be identified, nearly all moral theologians of more recent date are of one mind. We need have no difficulty in assuming that (in those cases especially in which the end comes suddenly, whether by an accident or otherwise, to a man whose vital faculties are in full working order) there is every reason to believe that life does not terminate abruptly at the moment when the action of heart or lungs ceases to be perceptible.

A point somewhat closely connected with this matter of the separation of soul and body is that of the degree in which the conscious exercise of the mental powers may remain—and may possibly be even intensified—in those who are unable to make the slightest movement or to betray by any external sign that they are still capable of intellectual and moral acts. I must confess that I can only venture to speak of this form of trance antecedent to death as a possibility. Apart from alleged spiritualistic manifestations, which, in my judgment, are quite unreliable, those who have passed beyond the veil do not come back to give an account of what happened to them in their last moments. But that a strange and unexpected illumination may be vouchsafed to them while they are

still moral agents and capable of merit seems to be indicated by the many stories on record of those who, having been snatched from the jaws of death, have afterwards been able to recall the vivid impressions they then received. It has occurred to me that it might be worth while to bring together a few of these stories, if only in the hope that others who have had similar experiences may perchance be induced to communicate them and thus help to build up a body of evidence serviceable alike to the theologian and the psychologist.

My interest in this particular manifestation is of early date. When I was a little boy, seven or eight years old, I was living with my father and mother in the island of Guernsey. One day I remember very clearly that my father came in looking different from his usual self and, as even I could tell, apparently a good deal shaken. My mother asked him what was the matter, and he told her that a friend had persuaded him to go down to bathe. There was a public bathing place, which I knew well, with a sort of stone jetty running out into deep water. My father had accidentally slipped off the end of this, and being unable to swim or to clamber up the smooth stone surface, he had sunk twice and been rescued with difficulty. But what, more than anything, impressed my childish imagination was the phrase I heard him use: "Everything," he said, "that I had ever done in my life passed before me in a flash." He was not an imaginative man, and I am sure now, and I felt even then, that what he had said corresponded to some quite definite and startling experience.

More detailed and proportionately more valuable for our present purpose is a record which has already appeared—though it is twenty-two years since—in the pages of *THE MONTH*.² Our late editor, Father John Gerard, had intermittently kept a diary, and in this, when the whim seized him, he occasionally reverted to incidents which had happened long before. Writing in 1892, he records how, on December 15, 1859, "three of us Seminarians, Henry Edwards, John Hamilton and myself, went skating on Gore's Pond, near Stonyhurst, known to be very deep."

Edwards [he says] went through the ice in the middle and I, trying to help him, lay down flat and gave him my hand. He pulled me into the hole and I even went under the ice beyond. I well remember the dark grey roof above

² February, 1913, p. 126.

me with a bright patch a little way off, to which I somehow managed to struggle. I was not then a swimmer. At the moment of leaving the ice for the water there flashed across me, along with the realization that death was, apparently, immediately inevitable, a perfect picture of my past life in every minutest detail. It was not a chronicle of successive events but a picture, or rather a map, which thought instead of sight perceived—everything was seen simultaneously and everything with equal clearness, yet without any confusion, as an insect may be supposed to see through its compound eyes. Everything seemed to be included, however trivial—the walks I had taken and the stones I had thrown—but it was only my own part I saw, nobody else appeared. Conscience appeared to play no part in the matter. I can remember nothing in the way of recognition of good and evil in my past actions—but, on the other hand, there was an overwhelming sense of responsibility : of all that I now saw I had had the free disposal, and now this was gone for ever and I should never have the choosing of my own conduct in regard of anything, however small. This it was that made the *minutiae* of past life more imposing than the more important incidents—certainly, the impression they made is now far more vivid. This happened thirty-three years ago, but the remembrance of that incident is perfectly fresh, though I did not, in consequence of it, recollect afterwards anything previously forgotten. I was in full possession of all my faculties and used them immediately afterwards to get out—so that the experience proves nothing as to drowning being, more than any other form of death, the occasion of the like. I had, in fact, scarcely touched the water when this occurred. Any seemingly inevitable danger suddenly apprehended would, doubtless, operate in the same way.

When Father Gerard says that he did not, in consequence of this experience, recollect anything afterwards which was previously forgotten, we ought perhaps to bear in mind that throughout life, and especially as a young man, he was famous for his powers of memory. We can hardly assume that for the average individual who, looking back over the past is normally conscious of little more than vast tracts of blurred and confused impressions, the stimulus of approach-

ing death would bring nothing into focus which, in his ordinary state of mind he had been unable to particularize. Mr. Stainton Moses, afterwards famous as a medium and as the first Editor of *Light*, expressly mentions, in recording a similar experience, that one important incident was recalled to mind which had previously been completely obliterated. His account runs as follows :

Many stories are on record as to a phenomenon which precedes death in many cases ; I mean the unfolding of the whole panorama of life at the moment of the severance of soul from body. It has chanced to me to pass through that experience, and I will endeavour to describe what I felt. I was upset out of a little boat on the Isis. I was new to college in those days, and did not know the rules of the river which secured a free course for practising eights. I was run down ; and, as I could not swim a stroke, I soon sank. It never occurred to anybody, I suppose, that a man who could venture in a little cockleshell such as I was sculling, was unable to swim ; and so no particular effort was made to rescue me. I went down dazed and confused with the upset, and the shouts and objurgations of the crowd. I remember the shout of the coxswain, more forcible than polite, and then I floundered about until I suppose I became unconscious. At any rate, a strange peacefulness took the place of my previous feeling. I recognized fully that I was drowning, but no sort of fear was present to my mind. I did not even regret the fact. By degrees, as it seemed—though the process must have been instantaneous—I recollect ed my life. The link was—well I am drowning and this life is done with. It has not been a very long one. . . . And so the events of it came before my mind, and seemed to shape themselves in outline and move before me. It was not that I thought, but that objective pictures of events seemed to float before me, a moving tableau, as though depicted on the mass of water that weighed upon my eyes. I seemed to see the tableau, but not with the eyes of sense : with that mysterious inner vision with which I have since discerned spiritual things. The silky, velvety appearance of the tableau, which seemed, as I say, to float before me, was very prominently impressed upon me. The events were all scenes in which I had been an

actor, and no very trivial or unimportant ones were depicted, though they were not all serious, some indeed laughable enough. Nor was my frame of mind particularly solemn. I was an interested spectator; little more. One incident of which I had no previous knowledge was recalled to my mind on that occasion, and has never again left it. My memory of it is now as clear as of other things. The next thing I remember was the interruption of this peaceful state by a series of most unpleasant sensations which were attendant on resuscitation.¹

The fact that Mr. Stainton Moses, in later life, became a Spiritualist need not in any way throw doubt upon the credibility of this account. The incident had occurred when he was an undergraduate. He afterwards took Orders and was presented to a living in the Isle of Man where he is said to have shown much conscientious devotion in the discharge of his clerical duties. Whether ill-health or difficulties concerning the dogmatic tenets of the Church of England led to the resignation of his cure in 1870, at the age of thirty-one, does not seem clear, but he was attached, for the greater part of his remaining years, to the teaching staff of University College, London, and his friends, such, for instance, as Sir William Barrett and Mr. F. W. Myers, always spoke highly of him as a man incapable of conscious deception.

The revival in memory of incidents previously forgotten is also stressed in another similar narration committed to writing by Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, a distinguished hydrographer to the Navy, of whom a memoir will be found in the "Dictionary of National Biography." As in the cases previously noticed, he had been in imminent danger of drowning, and he tells us in his account that after frantic struggles he had resigned himself to his fate and had given up all hope of rescue, whereupon he continues :

My sensations were now of a rather pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated, in a ratio which defies all description, for thought rose above thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably

¹ I borrow this from a detailed report of a meeting of the Psychological Society, printed in *The Spiritualist* for June 4, 1875, p. 267.

inconceivable by anyone who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace . . . the effect this accident would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family—and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home, were the first series of reflections which occurred. They took then a wider range—our last cruise—a former voyage and shipwreck—my school—the progress I had made there, and the time I had misspent—and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures. Thus travelling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature. In short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a sort of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity.¹

From the very nature of the case it must be plain that in all these instances the vision of the past must have been compressed into a very narrow space of time. Sir Francis Beaufort, however, makes this point a matter of special comment, when he adds :

The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision, yet certainly two minutes could not have elapsed from the moment of suffocation to that of my being hauled up.

One other personal experience may be added to these. It was elicited from Sir John Heron Maxwell, Bart., at a meeting of the Psychological Society on June 9, 1875. He told the members that he had gone to sea in 1823 as a jolly little middy, fifteen years of age. Boylike he loved to see the big anchor splash into the water, and on one occasion, when his ship was taking up her position at Portsmouth in seventeen fathoms—

He stood where he ought not to have been, and was

¹ H. Martineau, "Biographical Sketches," 4th ed., pp. 219—220.

caught in a bight of the buoy-rope; the consequence being that two "boys" went over instead of one. He at once realized that he had been capsized, and he felt just as if he were sitting quietly suspended in the air with everything beautifully green around him. He had no fear; he was thinking what his father, mother and sisters would say when they heard that he was drowned. Then things rushed into his memory—little things, little untruths; he remembered that he had told one about pulling a plant out of the ground ten or twelve years before; on another occasion he helped himself to a bit of cheese, and when his mother accused him of taking it, he said that his nurse had given it him, which was a lie, the truth being that he had stolen it. While he was thinking over these things, he felt a sudden tug at his collar; it was the boat-hook of the bumboat woman, who fished the future Nelson out of the water and placed him among the legs of mutton and cabbages in her boat. The captain afterwards gave him a good-natured scolding for being out of his place.¹

What is, perhaps, more interesting, Sir John Maxwell stated that he had had a second experience of the same kind in Alum Bay, some years later, and in answer to a question he declared that he had not seen these things objectively and outside himself. They were entirely in his own mind.

These are unfortunately the only detailed drowning experiences which I am at present able to quote, but I am sure that many similar accounts must exist in diaries and published biographies which it would be interesting to collect and place in juxtaposition. That such incidents are of fairly frequent occurrence seems to be shown by many briefer references encountered in all sorts of unexpected quarters. "I was once told," writes De Quincey, "by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death, but for the assistance which reached her at the last critical moment, she saw in an instant her whole life, clothed in its forgotten incidents, arrayed before her as in a mirror, not successively, but simultaneously; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part."² He adds that he had twice found similar

¹ *The Spiritualist*, June 18, 1875, p. 292.

² "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," in *Works* (1862 edition), Vol. I, pp. 259—260.

cases recorded in modern books "accompanied by a remark which is probably true—viz., that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual." Coming back, in his "Sequel to the Confessions," to this same idea that "the human brain is a natural and mighty palimpsest," De Quincey remarks that though his reference to his relative's experience had been treated sceptically by some critics, "it had since been confirmed by other experience essentially the same, reported by other parties in the same circumstances who had never heard of each other."¹ An article in *Blackwood's Magazine* (December, 1854), by the famous Samuel Warren, author of "Ten Thousand a Year," gives an account of a conversation, in 1828, between Professor Wilson (Christopher North) and De Quincey, at which Warren was present. The question, he says, was raised by De Quincey, "Is such a thing as *forgetting* possible to the human mind? Does the mind ever actually lose anything for ever?" Whereupon Warren seems to have observed that he knew a case of a man who fell into the water of Portsmouth harbour and sank to a great depth. The man afterwards said that "all he remembered when he plunged beneath the surface was a sense of freedom from pain and a sudden recollection of all his past life, especially of guilty actions that he had long forgotten." Similar rescue from drowning seems to have made a deep impression upon the biblical commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, though in the account he gives of it the point principally stressed is that he "felt neither apprehension nor pain. My mind was tranquil and uncommonly happy. I felt as if in Paradise." But he admits that the process of resuscitation was unutterably painful from the difficulty he felt in breathing. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, who, quoting from his own diary the exclamation "How intense and how rapid the thoughts which rush through the mind of a drowning man!", adds in agreement with Dr. Clarke's experience, "Of corporeal suffering I have no recollection, but of mental a very distinct one, arising from the sudden presentation to my inward vision in life-like reality, of dear and almost forgotten faces in mournful attitudes, past whom I appeared to be flying."²

Since the majority of the cases recorded seem to centre round those who have been in peril of death by drowning,

¹ Works, Vol. XVI (1871), pp. 19—20.

² *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, Vol. XII, p. 500.

the question will suggest itself whether some peculiar physiological condition resulting from the presence of water in the lungs may be the cause of this stimulation of memory. It seems, however, that a similar bringing to light of past impressions is apt to occur in other circumstances when death seems inevitable. Such an instance is recorded by S. W. Cozzens in his book "The Marvellous Country; or Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico."¹ The author tells us how his party had climbed one of the mountains in Arizona and had reached "a narrow shelf scarcely twelve inches in width, although 800 feet above the plain." A huge wall of rock towered 300 feet above, and from the ledge the descent was nearly sheer into the gorge below. Here Mr. Cozzens stumbled upon a loose stone and was precipitated feet foremost down the almost perpendicular slope. Momentum rapidly increased and he gave himself up for lost.

Convinced [he tells us] that death was inevitable I became perfectly reconciled to the thought. My mind comprehended in a moment the acts of a lifetime. Transactions of the most trivial character, circumstances, the remembrance of which had been buried deep in memory's vault for years, stood before me in bold relief; my mind recalled with the rapidity of lightning, and yet retained a distinct impression of every thought. I seemed to be gliding swiftly and surely out of the world, but felt no fear, experienced no regret at the prospect; on the contrary, rejoiced that I was so soon to see with my own eyes the great mystery concealed behind the veil; that I was to cross the deep waters and be at rest. I thought I heard the sound of many voices in wonderful harmony, coming from the far off distance, but from what direction I could not tell.

The author happily was caught by a projecting rock to which he was able to cling long enough for a rescue party to reach him, and thus the tale came to be told. There must be many, many thousands of such stories which, ending fatally, are never told. A somewhat similar case was referred to in 1910 by the writer of an editorial in *The Lancet* who mentions how—

Some years ago Professor Heiran, the geologist of

¹ Second edition, 1875, pp. 235-237.

Zurich, described the "flood of thought" that traversed his mind during a typical Alpine fall which began on an inclined plane. He saw beautiful scenes and visions of his past life as he fell, and reflected rationally on his death or the chance of escape. He felt no pain on striking the ground, but he heard a thud, which was the impact of his own head on a rock.¹

Mr. Epes Sargent, as a Spiritualist, may possibly be a suspected witness, but after referring to the belief that often, "when persons are drowning, the incidents of a lifetime pass in a few seconds before the mental ken," he adds: "We ourselves experienced the sensation once, when we anticipated instant death from an accident in a carriage."² On the other hand, there are undoubtedly people who declare that for them, when drowning or otherwise conscious of the imminence of a fatal disaster, there was no revival of the past. A short discussion of the subject in *Notes and Queries* for the year 1916 elicited several letters in this sense. One correspondent in particular, signing himself C.J.B., describes how he was sinking and had lost consciousness, so much so that he did not even recollect the coming of his rescuer, but he denies having had any vision or revival of memory. It may be admitted also that one or two letters written by those who claimed to have had or read of experiences similar to those of Father Gerard, do not present the evidence in a very satisfactory form. We are told, for example, of a young officer, in later years a General, who, having been left for dead on the field in the first Afghan war, saw, as he declared, "all his sinful actions pass in review through his mind, and, feeling horrified, prayed earnestly to be allowed to recover and amend his way of life," a good purpose which he fully redeemed by his subsequent conduct.³ But clearly there is nothing abnormal in this. The mind of a man who is left in solitude and acute suffering for many hours, would as naturally revert to his past misdeeds as that of a prisoner in a condemned cell. So, too, I should lay no stress upon the following unverified story which I borrow from a journal published in the United States in 1865 (*The Progressive Age*). It concerns a bond for a considerable sum which one business man A held

¹ *The Lancet*, October 15, 1910, p. 1,148.

² "Planchette, the Despair of Science" (Boston, 1869), p. 377.

³ See *Notes and Queries*, 12th Series, Vol. I, p. 97 (January 29, 1916), and subsequent issues.

against another B, but which was not payable for many months. In the interval A mislaid it, and when it fell due he wrote to B, frankly admitting the loss of the document, but expecting that B would honourably discharge the debt. B, however, declared that he did not remember the transaction and denied responsibility. Nothing further could be done, and such a length of time passed that A had almost forgotten the incident, when he happened one day, while bathing, to be seized with cramp, and in the end was pulled out of the water apparently lifeless. Artificial respiration, however, restored him; whereupon we are told:

As soon as he gained sufficient strength, he went to his book-case, took out a book, and from between the leaves he extracted the identical bond which had so long been missing. He then stated that while drowning, and sinking, as he supposed, to rise no more, there suddenly stood out before him, as it were in a picture, every act of his life from his childhood to the moment when he sank beneath the waters, and that among other acts was that of placing the bond in a particular book and laying it away in the book-case. A, armed with the long lost document found in this marvellous manner, called upon B, from whom he recovered the debt with interest.

So long as reliable confirmation is lacking, this sounds too much like a good newspaper story to be taken very seriously. There may, no doubt, be some flights of fancy or a certain exaggeration in nearly all the accounts which have been circulated of these and similar experiences, but in such a description as that extracted from Father Gerard's diary, a document never meant to be read by any other eye than his own, it seems to me impossible to feel any doubt as to its substantial accuracy. Furthermore, even one genuine example serves in a measure to authenticate the others.

Whatever may be the true significance of the incidents recounted above, they indicate very plainly the possibility, if not the probability, of a quite special illumination accorded to men of good will who, having lost touch with earth, recognize that they are standing on the threshold of eternity. It may, of course, be argued that from such examples recorded by people taken unawares in the full tide of youth or vigorous manhood, we cannot draw any inferences as to what happens in the case of the infirm and aged. Those whose vitality has

been drained to the dregs by suffering or senile decay may not be capable of so comprehensive a grasp of past experiences as is portrayed in some of these accounts. But it is plain that in almost every case the range, the minute detail and the incredible rapidity of the vision came, even to the young, as a complete surprise. Nothing in their previous knowledge of their mental processes had prepared them to believe that such a lightning flash of illumination was possible in their case. It is these latent and rudimentary powers of the soul which are so puzzling. We none of us know what, in other circumstances, we might have been capable of. We none of us know what future generations may achieve by developing those powers of man's spiritual nature which, down to these latter times, have been overlooked. But, most important of all, we none of us know what mysteries may underlie the last moments of human existence, the revelation of truth which may sweep away the mists of years, and the change of heart which may come to those who, not having wholly stifled their better nature, may, like the good thief on the cross, still win pardon from our merciful Saviour by one last act of fervent sorrow.

HERBERT THURSTON.

The Clairvoyant

COME, gather near, ye mysteries of Time !
 Come, Past and Future, to this present hour.
 Grant me the wings of vision for my dower,
 The Poet's strength inviolable, to climb
 Unscathed upon Infinity, sublime
 O'er veering gust and storms that gloom and lower ;—
 To glass the flawless rays of Love and Power
 Within the rounded crystal of a rhyme.

See now the plot of Life ! What rivulets bright
 Spring from the buried tarn of hueless tears !
 Soft as a dream, what garland of delight
 Blooms on the fallen fabric of the years !
 And what of Faith ? A rose of flame unfurled,
 Cast, like a gauntlet, on the cowering world.

CHARLES G. MORTIMER.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE EXORCISM OF HAUNTED HOUSES.

So far as can be gathered from a study of the Latin *Ritualia*, whether medieval or modern, it would seem that the Catholic Church, at any rate in the West, has never taken very much account of those spectral appearances—ghosts in fact—which are said at times to disturb the peace of some ordinary dwelling house. There is, of course, a lengthy ceremonial provided for the exorcism of persons possessed by the devil. But the driving out of the demons who have obtained control over a human being has abundant scriptural warrant and has always been recognized by the Church as a function of her ministry. In accord with this the form of words employed in the ordination of an exorcist speaks only of the expulsion of unclean spirits from the bodies of living men—“*pelluntur spiritus immundi a corporibus obsessis*”—and the candidate is empowered to impose hands upon energumens, whether already made Christians by baptism or preparing to receive it. Thus there is mention only of the exorcism of persons, not of places; and indeed we might doubt whether the Church had ever contemplated such a task as the purifying of any locality from malign influences, if it were not for the observances which are enjoined as a preliminary to certain other liturgical functions. In such offices as the consecration of a church, the solemn blessing of a grave-yard, or the reconciliation of a sanctuary that has been desecrated, the ceremonial begins with what we may call a form of exorcism, intended apparently to banish from that spot the activities of all the powers of darkness. Holy Water is blessed with that express object, the site is then abundantly washed and purified, and on occasions of greater solemnity it is finally fumigated with incense. Indeed we may note that something like the same procedure is observed not only in the ritual of Baptism, but also when Extreme Unction is administered or even when Holy Communion is taken to the sick.

But in all these exorcisms it is the activities of Satan and his myrmidons which are the direct object of attack. There seems to be no recognition of ghosts, or of the spirits of the dead as such, and there is no suggestion that the souls of men are likely to return to haunt the scenes amidst which they formerly dwelt on earth. It is true that in the dedication of a church, when the bishop comes to the threshold of the building to be consecrated, he marks a cross there with his pastoral staff, exclaiming:

Ecce crucis signum, fugiant phantasmata cuncta (behold the emblem of the cross, let all spectres flee away). One may doubt, however, whether anything more is intended by this than to contrast the realities of true belief with the mocking shades of error. Speaking generally we may assume that the building where people come to pray is not looked upon as a favourite lurking-place of ghosts.

In any case the fact remains that in the ordinary service-books approved by ecclesiastical authority no provision is made for dealing with the problem of hauntings (real or alleged) otherwise than by the everyday formulas for the blessing of a house which are contained in the "Rituale Romanum." It is certainly curious that in the very large collection of medieval "Benediktionen" which have been brought together in the great work of Adolf Franz,¹ there is apparently no prayer to be found which deals directly with ghosts; neither is there anything of the sort in Martene's "De Antiquis Ecclesiae Ritibus." All the same, the belief in ghosts was widespread, not only at the close of the sixteenth century, as the treatises of the Protestant Lavater and the Catholic Le Loyer, with many others, would suffice to prove, but also many centuries earlier.² There can be little doubt that Shakespeare counted on his ghost-lore being taken seriously, and Milton also had no fear of ridicule when he wrote in "Comus":

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
 No goblin or swart faery of the mine
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

Such Catholics as Le Loyer fully admitted that God might permit souls from purgatory to revisit the earth to ask for prayers, though the shapes which they assumed were phantasmal and not solid. Protestants for the most part denied the possibility of any return of the dead, and assumed that all spectres were of diabolic origin. Both parties seem to have been agreed that the commonest type of hauntings which caused terror and disturbance were the work of demons. That such infestations by the spirits of another world, often associated with a particular building or household, or again, with some individual seemingly possessed of a peculiar psychic faculty, go on at the present day, there is much evidence to prove. People of sober judgment and scrupulous veracity assert very positively that they have heard astounding noises or seen ghosts, and well-attested stories of poltergeist phenomena are constantly being reported in every part of the world. In such cases recourse is often had to a priest, who is asked to advise what can be

¹ "Die Kirchlichen Benediktionen im Mittelalter," 2 Vols. Freiburg, 1909.

² See, for example, the article on "Broucolaccas" in THE MONTH for November, 1897.

done to put an end to this form of vexation. When prayers have been said, and Masses perhaps offered, when the house has been blessed, and relics, pious medals, or other sacred emblems brought to the spot—all without perceptible result—the family so afflicted will sometimes ask that the evil agency which is the cause of the trouble should be solemnly exorcized. For this contingency, so far as the present writer knows, there is no provision made in the Church's official service-books. But after more than one vain attempt to find a form of ritual suitable to the occasion, we chanced to stumble upon a document contained in the Appendix to an edition of the "Rituale Romanum," published with the full authorization of the Council of the Inquisition, at the royal printing office, Madrid, in the year 1631.¹ It has struck us that an account of this conjuration formula might be of some interest in itself, and possibly be of service to others who found themselves in difficulty. Hence the present note.

The document bears the heading *Exorcismus domus a daemonio vexatae* (the exorcism of a house troubled with an evil spirit). The priest is directed to wear surplice and stole and to begin with the words "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen," making at the same time a triple sign of the cross. Then after the versicle *Adjutorium nostrum*, etc., and *Dominus vobiscum*, etc., follows the first prayer in these terms:

Almighty and Eternal God who hast bestowed such grace upon Thy priests that whatever is worthily and conscientiously performed by them in Thy name is accounted to be done by Thee, we beseech Thy immeasurable clemency that where we are about to visit, Thou also wouldest visit, that what we are about to bless, Thou also wouldest  bless, that Thou wouldest lend Thy mighty right hand of power to all which we are about to do, and that at the coming of our humble person (by the merits of Thy saints) the demons may fly away and the angels of peace may enter in. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, etc.

O God of angels, God of archangels, God of prophets, God of apostles, God of martyrs, God of confessors, God of virgins and of all right-living men, O God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ I call upon Thee and I suppliantly invoke Thy holy name and the compassion of Thy radiant Majesty, that Thou wouldest lend me aid against the spirit of all iniquity, that wherever he may be, when Thy name is spoken, he may at once give place and take to flight. Through, etc.

CONJURATION.

I adjure thee, O serpent of old, by the Judge of the living

¹ "Rituale seu Manuale Romanum, Pauli V, Pont. Max. jussu editum, cum cantu Toletano, et aliis quibusdam. Matriti; ex Typographia Regia. Anno MDCXXXI," pp. 445—450.

and the dead; by the Creator of the world who hath power to cast into hell, that thou depart forthwith from this house. He that commands thee, accursed demon, is He that commanded the winds, and the sea and the storm. He that commands thee, is He that ordered thee to be hurled down from the height of heaven into the lower parts of the earth. He that commands thee is He that bade thee depart from Him. Hearken, then, Satan and fear. Get thee gone, vanquished and cowed, when thou art bidden in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ who will come to judge the living and the dead and all the world by fire. Amen.

This is followed by the recitation of the first five of the "gradual" psalms (Ps. 119 to 123) which the priest is to repeat, while he visits every part of the house and sprinkles it with holy water, ending his round with a few versicles as an introduction to this appropriate prayer:

Do Thou, O Lord, enter graciously into the home that belongs to Thee; construct for Thyself an abiding resting-place in the hearts of Thy faithful servants, and grant that in this house no wickedness of malicious spirits may ever hold sway. Through, etc.

The second set of five Gradual Psalms are then recited while the priest renews his perambulation of the entire building, again sprinkling holy water and ending with a different prayer:

O God, omnipotent and never-ending, who in every place subject to Thee, pervadest all and workest all Thy Will, comply with our entreaty that Thou be the protector of this dwelling, and that here no antagonism of evil have power to resist Thee, but that, by the co-operation and virtue of the Holy Spirit, Thy service may come first of all, and holy freedom remain inviolate. Through, etc.

Then for the third time the whole house is sprinkled, while the five remaining gradual psalms are recited, ending with another prayer:

O God, who in every place subject to Thee are present as guardian and protector, grant us, we beseech Thee, that the blessing  on this house may never slacken, and that all we who join in this petition may deserve the shelter which Thou affordest. Through, etc.

Upon this follows the extract from the gospels concerning Zacchæus, the publican, which is read in the Mass for the dedication of a church. Incense is then put into the thurible, the whole house is incensed, and after the prayer *Visita, quæsumus, Domine, habitationem istam*, etc., the priest gives his blessing, once more sprinkles holy water and takes his departure.

For the exorcism of an energumen, as pointed out in the Codex of the Canon Law (c. 1151), special faculties must be granted by the Ordinary, but this does not seem to apply to the use of such a form as that which has just been summarized, seeing that it concerns not a person but a place. On the other hand no ceremonial of this liturgical character ought to be employed by private initiative or without episcopal sanction.

H.T.

THE "OLD PRETENDER" IN ROME, 1721.

AMES FRANCIS EDWARD STUART, only son and elder child of James II by Mary of Modena, his second wife, was born at St. James's Palace on June 10, 1688. The following July he was created Prince of Wales. On the death of his father in 1701, he became, for the Jacobites, James III. After the '15 and the Swedish attempt in 1719, he married Clementina Sobieska, daughter of James Sobieski and granddaughter of the great John Sobieski, King of Poland, and deliverer of Vienna from the Turks. King James III and his consort held their court at the Muti Palace in Rome, provided for them by the Pope. On the last day of the year 1720 their eldest son, "the Young Pretender," was born, and baptized Charles Edward Lewis John Casimir Silvester Maria. Thus, he would only have been a few months old at the date of this letter, printed below, which itself is dated by its reference to the South Sea Bubble.

On October 10, 1720, James had issued a Declaration from Rome, mourning the calamities that had befallen his country through this colossal swindle engineered by the avarice of a few miscreants, and expressed his desire for his own restoration, chiefly that he might show himself the father of his people.

The letter, which covers six quarto pages and is here reproduced textually with the exception of not infrequent erasures and corrections, was picked up in a second-hand book-shop and is evidently, from its erasures, etc., a copy of the original. Shield and Lang, in their "The King over the Water" (1907), quote from the letter and say that it was published in pamphlet form. In that shape it must be extremely rare. In a note they attribute it to Lord Rialton, son of Marlborough's eldest surviving daughter and heiress, Countess Godolphin, presumably addressing his father, the Earl of Godolphin. The following year, on Marlborough's death, he became Marquis of Blandford. The Duke of Marlborough's father was an ardent supporter of Charles I.

TEXT

(1)

After my arrival here I received your letter of the 15th of Feby by which you reminded me of your commands at my

departure to avoid conversing with the pretender, or any of his dependants. I must own, that notwithstanding my inbred dislike to his pretensions, and my confirmed aversion for his profession I often found my curiosity inclining me to be so far acquainted with his person and character, that I might be able to say from my own knowledge, what sort of man he is, who has made, and daily makes so great a noise in England, and I have sometimes fancied that even you your selfe, Sir, would not be satisfied with me, if (after staying so long in Rome) I were not able to give you a particular account of him. however my regard to your special commands was always an over balance to my curiosity untill perfect chance ordained the contrary I beg leave to asshure you that this is literally true, and least you should receive misinformation on this point from any other hand I choose to give you a particular account, how it happen'd, and shall lay nothing before you in the relation but undisguisid truth about a month ago Mr—— and I being in search of some of the antiquities of this place, we became acquainted with an englisch gentleman, very knowing in this kind of learning, and who proved of great use to us : his name is Dr Cooper, a priest of the church of England, whom we did not expect to be of the pretenders retinue but took him to be a curious traveller, which opinion created in me a great liking for his conversation. on easter eve he made us the compliment, that as he supposed us bred in the profession of the said church, he thought it incumbent on him to invite us to divine service (next day being easter Sunday) Such language at rome appear'd to me a jest ; I star'd at the doctor, who added that the pretender (whom he called King) had prevaild with the late pope to grant licence for having divine Service according to the rules of the church of england perform'd in his palace, for the benefit of the protestant gentlemen of his Suite, his domesticks and travellers ; and that one Dr Berkely and himself were appointed for the discharge of this duty, and that prayer were read as orderly here as at London

(2)

I should have remain'd of St. Thomas's belief had I not been a witness that this is matter of fact, and as such have noted it down amongst the greatest wonders of rome, this was the occasion of my first entrance into the pretender's house. I became familiar with both the doctors, who are sensible well bred men. I put several questions to them about the pretender and if credit can be given them they assure me he is an upright moral man, very far from any sort of bigotry and most averst to disputes and distinctions of religion where

of not a word is admited in his family. they described him in his person very much to the resemblance of King Charles y e 2, to which they say he approaches more and more every day, with a great application to business, and a head well turn'd that way, having only some clerks, to whom he dictates such letters, as he does not write with his own hand—in some days after my friend and I went to take the evening air in that stately park called Villa ludovici; there we met on a sudden face to face with the pretender, his princess and court. we were so very close, before we understood who they were, that we could not retreat with decency, common civility obliged us to stand side wise in the alley as others did to let them pass by.

the pretender was easily distinguish'd by his star and garter, as well as by an air of greatness, which discover'd majesty. superior to the rest I felt in that instant of his approach a strange convulsion in body and mind, such as I never was sensible of before; weather aversion awe or respect occasion'd it, I cant tell. I remark'd his eyes fixt on me, which I confess I could not bear, I was perfectly stunn'd and not aware of my self, when pursuant to what the Standers by did, I made him a salute; he return'd it with a smile, which changed the sedateness of his first aspect into a very graceful countenance as he passed by I observ'd him to be a well siz'd, clean limb'd man. I had but one glimpse of the princess, which left me a great desire of seeing her again, however my friend and [I?] turn'd off into another alley, to reason at leisure on our several observations there we met Dr Cooper, and after making some turns with him, the same company came again in our way. I was grown somewhat bolder, and resolved to let them pass as before, in order to take a full view of the princess. She is of a middling Stature, and well Shaped and has lovely features: wit vivacity and mildness of temper are printed in her

(3)

looks. when they came up to us the pretender stood and spoke a word to the doctor then looking at us he ask'd him wether we were english gentlemen, he ask'd us how long we had been in town, and wether we had any acquaintance in it, then told us he had a house where english gentlemen would be very welcome. the princess who stood by addressing to the doctor in the prettiest english I think I ever heard said, pray doctor, if these gentlemen be lovers of musick invite them to my consort to night. I charge you with it, which she accompany'd with a salute and a smile in the most gracious manner.

It was a very hard task Sir to recede from the honour of such an invitation given by a princess who altho married to the pretender deserves so much respect in regard to her person, her name and family however we argued the case with ye doc : and represented the strict orders we had to the contrary, he reply'd, there could be no prohibition to a traveller against musick even at the ceremonies of the roman catholic church that if we miss'd this ocation of seeing this assembly of the roman nobility we might not recover it, whilst we stay'd in rome, and that it became persons of our age and degree to act always the part of gentlemen without regard to party humours.

these arguments were more forcible than ours, so we went and saw a bright assembly of the prime roman nobility, the consort compos'd of the best musicians of rome. a plentifull and orderly colation served : but the courteous and affable manner of our reception was more taking than all the rest. we had a general invitation given us whilst we stay'd in town, and were desir'd to use the palace as our own. hence we were indispensably obliged to make a visit next day, in order to return thanks for so many civilities received : those are things due to a turk.

we were admited without ceremony; the pretender entertain'd us on the subject of our families as knowingly, as if he had been all his life in england, he told me some passages of my grandfather and of his being a constant follower of King Charles 1 and 2 and added that if you sir had been of age when your father was alive. to have learn'd his principles, there had been little danger of your taking party against the rights of a Stuart. he then observed how far the prejudices of education, and wrong notion of infancy are apt to carry people from the paths of their ancestors. he discours'd as pertinently on several of our neighbouring families as I could do, upon which I told him I was surprized at his so perfect knowledge of our families in england. his answere was, that from his infancy he had made it his business to acquire the knowledge of the laws customs and families of his country

(4)

so as he might not be reputed a stranger when the almighty pleased to call him thither.

these and the like discourses held, untill word was brought that dinner was serv'd, we endeavour'd all we could to withdraw, but there was no possibility for it, after he had made us this compliment, I assure you gentlemen, I shall never be for constraining any mans inclinations, however our

grandfathers, who were worthy people dined often together, and I hope there can be no fault found that we do the same. there is every day a regular table of ten, or twelve covers well serv'd unto which some of the qualified persons of his court or travellers are invited : its supplied with english and french cookery, french and italian wines, but I took notis that the pretender eat only of the english dishes and made his dinner of roast beef, and what we call devonshire pye he also prefers our march beer, which he had from leghorn, to the best wines. at the desert her [sic] drinks his glass of champagne very hastily, and to do him justice, he is as free and chearfull at his table as any man I know. he spoke much in favour of our english ladys, and said he was persuaded he had not many enimies amongst them, and then he carried a health to them. the princess with a smiling countenance took up the matter, and said, I think then, Sir it would be just that I drink to the cavaliers, some time after the pretender began a health to the prosperity of all friends in england, which he addressed to me I took the freedom to reply, that as I presum'd he meant his own friends he would not take it ill, that I meant mine. I assure you Sir said he, that the friends you mean can have no great share of prosperity, till they become mine, therefore here's prosperity to yours and mine. after we had eat and drunke very heartily the princess told us we must go to see her Son, which could not be refused. he is realy a fine promising child, and is attened by english women, mostly protestants, which the princess observ'd to us. Saying that as she believed he was to live and die amongst protestants, she thought fit to have him bred up by their hands, and that in the country where she was born there was no other distinction, but that of honesty and dishonesty. these women and perticular two londoners kept such a racket about us to make us kiss the young pretenders hands that to get clear of them as soon as we could, we were forc'd to comply. the princess laught very hartily, and told us she did not question but the day would come that we should not be sorry to have made so early an acquaintance with her son. I thought my selfe under a necessity of making

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her the compliment, that being hers he could not miss being good and happy.

on the next day we went as commonly the english gentlemen here do, to the pretender's house for news. he told us that there was no great prospect, of amendment in the affairs of england, that the secret committee and several other honest

men were taking abundance of pains to find out the cause of the nation's destruction, which knowledge when attain'd to, would avail only to give the more concern to the publick without procuring relief; for that the authors would find means to be above the reach of the common course of justice. he moan'd the misfortune of england groaning under a load of debts, and severest hard ships contracted and imposed to support foreign interests. he lamented the ill treatment, and disregard of the ancient nobility, and said it gave him great trouble to see the interest of the nation abandon'd to the direction of a new set of people, who must at any rate enrich themselves by the spoil of their country = Some may imagine continued he, that these calamities are not displeasing to me, because they may in some measure turn to my advantag. I renounce all such unworthy thoughts. the love of my country is the first principle of my worldly wishes, and my heart bleeds to see so brave and honest a people distressed and misled by a few wicked men and plunged into miseries almost irretrevable thereupon he rose briskly from his chair and expressed his concern with fire in his eyes.

I could not disavow much of what he said; yet I own I was piqued at it for very often compassionate terms from the mouth of an adverse party are grating: it appear'd so to me on this occasion; therefore I replied its true Sir, that our affairs in england lye at present under many hardships by the South Sea mismanagement: but it is a constant maxim with it protestants to undergo a a great deal for the security of our religion, which we could not depend upon under a romish government. I know, Sir, replied he; this is the argument, some who perhaps have but a very slight share of religion, do make use of, in order to delude the honest well-meaning people, who have most of it. I ashure you these latter and I should agree very well, and be happy together, then addressing to an old english gentleman of the company, he said, I have been told by several of the most eminent prelates of the church of rome, particularly my friend the late archbishop of cambray, that it should never be my business to study how to be an apostle, but how to become a good King to all my people without distinction; which shall be found true, if ever it please god to restore

me

(6)

me I have givin my word in my declarations to refer the juries requisite in such points to the persons themselves. that are most concerned therein; and I have never givin any person reason to doubt but I will maintain my promises to the full. I can boldly say that none can with justice reproach me

with failing in the least point of honour, which has, and always shall be dearer to me than any crown, or my very life. it was urged to him that the roman catholic clergy, the jesuits and friers, are accused of being apt to start disputes to come by their ends, and of a dangerous encroaching temper, he answered, he had sufficient warnings before him from the troubles in which his father had been involved by faithless and evil counsellors, that he was entirely of opinion, that all clergymen not authorized by Statutes of a nation ought to be confined to the bare duties of their profession, and that if any of them should be found intermeddling with publick concerns or creating disputes, to the prejudice of the good understanding, that ought to be cherished between the King and his subjects, it was his opinion they ought to be removed out of the way of doing mischief. he averred this should constantly be his maxim. I thought it full time to take leave and break off the conversation, as I perceive it is to finish this long letter. I own I am not sorry to have contented so far my curiosity, and that were he not the pretender, I should like the man very well, we should truly pass much of our time in dulness, had we not the diversions of his house, but I give you my word I will enter no more upon arguments of this kind with him, for he has too much wit and learning for me : besides that he speaks with such an air of sincerity that I am apprehensive, I should become halfe a Jacobite, if I continued following these discourses any longer.

I crave the favour of your blessing and remain with all dutiful respect &c.

From these words of his, if faithfully reported, it is clear that the son of James II had no mind to repeat the political mistakes of his father.

FRANCIS SKEET.

ALEXANDER CAMERON: SOLDIER, JESUIT AND CONFESSOR.

TOO little is known this side of the border of the romantically adventurous life and heroic death of a Highland Jesuit of the penal days who survived Culloden. Born in 1701, Alexander Cameron was brother to the Chief of Clan Cameron, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "Forty-Five," and grandson to the famous old Sir Ewen Cameron. His home was in Lochaber, under the massive slopes of Ben Nevis; among bracken and heather-clad hills that rise from the Great Glen traversed by St. Columba when he went to convert King Brude at Inverness, and now threaded by the Caledonian Canal.

Alexander was educated in France, at Douay. He was a boy of fourteen when the clans mustered for the Rising of 1715. Like many another Scot since the "Auld Alliance" he is said to have become an officer in the French army. Later, he acted as Groom of the Bedchamber to Prince Charlie in Rome; and there, it seems, he was reconciled to the Catholic Church. In 1734 he entered the Jesuit novitiate and in due course began to study for the priesthood.

Seven years later—there was no time then for long probation—he returned to the Highlands, now a marked man, to minister to his faithful fellow-countrymen. In many districts of the Highlands (and the Hebrides) they kept the faith which St. Columba had taught their forefathers, as their descendants do to the present day. In the words of one of them, "For us the Reformation has never happened." Father Cameron worked for seven years in Strathglass, not very far from Inverness and still renowned for its traditional Catholicity, with Father John Farquharson, a fellow Jesuit, honoured as the first collector of Gaelic poetry. Evidence of his work in this regard, which occupied thirty years in Strathglass, was given to Bishop Cameron by his former pupil at Douay, Father James MacGillivray, priest of Glenlivet from 1778 to 1785; but unhappily the treasure itself has been lost or destroyed.

At Achtnacarry, the home of Lochiel to-day, is preserved a letter written to Father Cameron's brother, the Chief, by their cousin, Lord Lovat, dated Beaufort, January 26, 1743. It refers to Alexander's arduous labours in "the very wild cold country he has lived in this long time, and which occasioned the sickness and infirmities that put him at death's door." The writer assures Lochiel that he will take all the care he can of his cousin, but urges him to appeal to the Jesuit superiors to remove him to a milder climate. "They cannot in honour and conscience refuse it, for he has done already more good to his Church than any ten of his profession has done these ten years past, except your uncle, who is so famous for making of converts." This was Bishop Hugh Macdonald, who subsequently blessed Prince Charlie's standard at Glenfinnan.

Three months after this date the irate Presbytery of Dingwall represented to the General Assembly of the Kirk,

"the state and growth of Popery in their bounds, particularly that . . . besides Mr. John Farquharson, a Jesuit priest, who, for several years, resided and traffick'd in the Chisholm's country as a Poppish Missionary, that there is one, Alexander Cameron, brother to the present Laird of Locheale, who hath lately settled in the part of Strathglass that pertains to Lord Lovet, and is employed as a Poppish Missionary in that neighbourhood and Glenstrathfarrar, and trafficked with great success; and he hath great advantage by his connection with the

inhabitants of Lochaber, which gives the people in these corners, wherein he is employed, occasion to suppose that it is in his power to protect them and their cattle from the invasions of the people of that country or to avenge himself upon them by their means, *by which the few Protestants that are there* are much discouraged, and kept in perpetual terror; that several arguments and methods are said to be used by him that would more become a country where Popery had the advantage of the law in its favours than places that are under a Protestant government, by all which means the Presbytery do find that a greater number have been perverted to Popery in these parts within these few months than thirty years before."

And they desire the laws to be executed against "the said Messrs. John Farquharson and Alexander Cameron."¹

However, in 1746, the threatened Jesuit was still working in Strathglass, having suffered much after Culloden through various attempts to arrest him, in addition to his strenuous missionary labours. His companion had just returned from prison at Fort Augustus and took refuge, with his brother and Alexander, all three Jesuits, in the Brae of Craskie, Glencannich; a secure hiding place in a cave under a great boulder, commanding three miles of the Strathglass road. Sometimes Father Farquharson emerged to minister to his people, at other times they came to him there.

But the enemy got wind of them, and it is said that only Father John's second sight saved his companions. He foretold danger, and the impossibility of escape for himself—though not for them, their presence being still unknown. Obeying him and considering the dire needs of the flock, they made their escape, which he covered by going to meet the approaching searchers.

Alexander Cameron returned to his own country, Lochaber: there shortly afterwards he was captured, already broken by his life of toil, and shipped from Inverness to London on a filthy boat. Before long he lay dying in the hold of a convict hulk in the Thames. Resourceful to the last, he used his ebbing strength in calling for a priest, till his cries reached the captain of a neighbouring ship. To his eternal credit this man fetched one of his own priest-prisoners—none other than John Farquharson, who thus ministered to his dying comrade. Removed at once to the larger ship, Alexander Cameron died at peace in his old friend's arms, the death of a confessor of the Faith and a very gallant gentleman, if not actually of a martyr, on October 19, 1746. Bishop Smith in his Report, mentions that Father Cameron (a kinsman of the present writer) was buried near the banks of the Thames at Gravesend.

NOEL MACDONALD WILBY.

¹ "Dingwall Presbytery Records."

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

AMERICA : Nov. 10, 1934. **The Folly of Fr. Harold**, by J. T. Gillard, S.S.J. [Describes the aims and inspiration of Fr. Harold Purcell, C.P., in devoting himself to the conversion of the Negro in U.S.A.]

CATHOLIC ACTION : Dec., 1934. **American Hierarchy's United Protest against Anti-Christian Persecution in Mexico** : a noble manifesto in defence of human freedom : published in full.

CATHOLIC HERALD : Dec. 15, 1934. **The Japanese Menace analysed**, by Christopher Hollis. [Shows that the under-selling of cotton goods is due to low standards of living and to English finance.]

CATHOLIC SURVEY : Vol. II, No. 1. **The C.C.I.R. in Retrospect**, by John Eppstein. [An inspiring synopsis of the first ten years of the Council's work for international understanding.]

CLERGY REVIEW : Dec., 1934. **The Real Presence in the Early Middle Ages**, by Rev. R. P. Redmond. [A clear statement of the nature and scope of the Berengarian Heresy in refutation of recent incorrect accounts.]

COLUMBIA : Dec., 1934. **Peace through the League**, by Clarence J. Ryan. [An eloquent plea for the entry of U.S.A. into the League of Nations on Christian principles.]

COMMONWEAL : Nov. 23, 1934. **Economic Reform in Spain**, by Rev. J. A. Magner. [A detailed description of the gradual alteration of the old inadequate regime.]

DOSSIERS DE L'ACTION POPULAIRE : Nov. 25, 1934. **Le Fascisme Italien**, by F. Desplanques. [An acute criticism of Fascism : an elaborate construction on an unsound basis.]

ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW : Dec., 1934. **Criticism of the Clergy**, by the Editor. [A candid acknowledgment of clerical shortcomings and suggested remedies.]

ETUDES : Dec. 5, 1934. **L'Œuvre du Cardinal Pierre Gasparri**, by Yves de la Brière. [A sympathetic study of the career of the great statesman and canonist.]

HOMILETIC AND PASTORAL REVIEW : Dec., 1934. **History and Philosophy of Indecency**, by Rev. Leon M. Linden. [A careful analysis of the modern nudist cult and call for an organized effort against it.]

IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD : Dec., 1934. **The Crib of the Nativity**, by Rev. Sir J. O'Connell. [How the devotion to the Crib arose and spread.]

LA CITÉ CHRÉTIENNE : Nov. 20, 1934. **Les Catholiques dans le troisième Reich**, by Kurt Turmer. [An exhaustive account of religious conditions in Germany, as affecting Catholics.]

TABLET : Dec. 15, 1934. **The Earlier Catholic Truth Society**, by G. Elliot Anstruther. [Elucidation of an obscure page in the history of the Catholic revival.]

REVIEWS

1—THE MYSTICAL BODY¹

AFTER the recent publication of Abbé Anger's book, *La doctrine du Corps mystique de Jésus-Christ*—an excellent work, but not revised, and therefore containing not a few loose threads—it was certain that some other hand would go over the whole field once more, and would set the house in order. That it has been done satisfactorily in the present work we have the guarantee of Père Garrigou-Lagrange, and we could scarcely wish for any better. When we come to a study of the book itself, we cannot fail to be impressed, both by the way the author has weighed the expressions of his recent predecessors, and by the methodic care with which he has arranged his matter. Moreover, we are struck by the singular prudence with which he chooses his words; he is not carried away by enthusiasm to go as near to pantheism as he dare, neither does he allow devotion to transcend theology. These are fundamental safeguards; with all our reverence and esteem for the doctrine of the Mystical Body, we believe that in more ways than one it is possible to urge it too far.

For instance, when the author speaks of the Mystical Body as taught by St. Paul, he speaks of it as a "figure," one of several, though the most inclusive of them all. Again, when he compares it with Our Lord's words of the Vine and the Branches, he describes them both as "symbols," teaching the same thing. Yes, they teach the same thing, but it is the same with a difference, and we would maintain that it is just that difference which makes Our Lord's "symbol" the more important, indeed indispensable, if the doctrine of the Mystical Body is to be saved from pantheism. "I am the vine, you the branches," said Our Lord, and He followed it immediately with the words about the engrafting of the branches on the vine. "Christ is the body, we are the members," says the doctrine of the Mystical Body. But members of a body are not engrafted on it; they grow out of it, with it, they are from the beginning the same thing, and to speak so of the Mystical Body would be pantheism. Once we are engrafted, then we may speak of the life of Christ within us; but we are "members" only when we have been "engrafted" as branches, and only so long as we "abide in" the vine. If then the two "symbols" teach the same

¹ *Le Corps Mystique du Christ : Sa nature et sa vie divine, d'après S. Paul et la théologie. Synthèse de théologie dogmatique, ascétique, et mystique.* By Ernest Mura, Directeur des Études au Scolasticat des Frères de S. Vincent de Paul. Preface by R. P. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P. Two volumes. Paris : André Blot. Pp. 210 and 260. Price, 40.00 fr.

thing, still there is something in the "symbol" of the Vine which is not in, is more than, is essential to, the "symbol" of the Body.

Another point which we would wish a theologian of the Mystical Body to make more clear is the relation of that Body to schismatics and heretics. "Outside the Body there is no salvation," says the author, and he positively excludes these two; yet at once he allows that "outside" multitudes are saved through belonging to the "soul" of the Church. Which is right and proper; nevertheless the soul does not live outside the body, so that here once more the symbol of the Mystical Body seems to us to fall short: make that "symbol" all-inclusive, and we fail to see how heretics are to be refuted when they claim to belong to the "Catholic" Church.

But for the rest we have nothing but praise for this excellent summary of theology, made easy and one in the symbol of the Body. After the author has given us the teaching of St. Paul, he discusses the principles of the Body's unity; and here he is careful not to push the case too far. In the second volume the Life of the Mystical Body is discussed, in its Head and in its members; and though no essential point of theology is omitted, still the language is such that an untrained reader may easily follow the exposition.

✠ A.G.

2—A EUCHARISTIC COMPENDIUM ¹

THE Church, in the different periods of her history, has ever presented new aspects of her abundant life, developing, under divine Providence, precisely in those directions that the various exigencies of different ages demand. In restoring the right and custom of daily Communion, Pope Pius X may be said to have prepared the way for an era of lay sanctity, at a time in which, not only is there copious opportunity for Catholic Action, but also an emphatic need of a strong laity, able to withstand the attacks of paganism and unbelief in their own homes and in their own domestic life. Now, more perhaps than ever before, the layman has to depend upon his own interior strength, nourished, as it must be, by frequent reception of the Eucharist. The struggle between the Darkness and the Light is now waged far more in the home than in the church.

It is, doubtless, with something of this sort in mind that M. M. Brillant has produced his *Popular Encyclopædia of the Eucharist*. As he exclaims in his eloquent preface: "Ce siècle peut être sauvé, enflammé, bouleversé. Mais il faut éveiller partout cette grande faim, semer la divine épidémie de l'amour, en couvrir l'univers." To this end indeed, this excellent work should undoubtedly con-

¹ *Eucharistia. Encyclopædie populaire sur l'Eucharistie.* Published under the direction of Maurice Brillant. Paris: Bloud et Gay. Pp. x, 1,022. Price, 60.00 fr.

tribute. Containing, as it does, sections on the history, liturgy, canon law, devotion, art and music of the Eucharist, written by an impressive gathering of twenty-eight collaborators, many of them of the first rank in their subjects, it seems not only to provide for the popular reader, but to contain a great deal that is of interest to the student. Moreover, it will certainly minister to the devotion of both ordinary reader and student, to that reasoned and interested devotion which is not satisfied with pretty trifles, and which, if it be well established, will raise up bulwarks of defence in those outposts of the Church which are men's hearts and homes.

The only exception to be made to our general approval is a sufficiently serious one. M. l'Abbé Constant, well-known for his scholarly work on the Reformation, has, strange to say, shown little scholarship here, in his treatment of the doctrine of the Eucharist in the Anglican Church. He has seemingly ignored the work of Gasquet, Bishop, and other Catholic scholars who have dealt with Cranmer's mutilation of Catholic teaching, and allowed himself to be misled by the High Anglican version of the result. We must energetically protest against this travesty of the truth being set forth in a volume of this sort. M. Constant cannot be ignorant of what Catholics in England have long ago proved—the purpose of the compilers of the new Anglican liturgy to cut out the Catholic doctrine as to Sacrament and Sacrifice in the Eucharist: why, then, does he assume, in face of the documents, that they did not succeed?

An additional value is given to the work by bibliographies and a lexicon of writers on the Blessed Sacrament, and the volume is completed, as such books should always be, by a full index. It is unfortunate that so heavy a volume, and one that, from its nature, should be much handled, has been bound somewhat flimsily. The work would be worthy of a little additional embellishment in aid of serviceability.

3—A GREAT HISTORICAL UNDERTAKING¹

WE are glad to welcome the first volume of a great enterprise, which has engaged the energies of a number of experts for over a decade and which has been directed and supported throughout by the energy and munificence of Mr. Edward Eyre. This is the first of seven projected volumes on the same scale, the rest of which will appear in regular succession: the whole is the work of some fifty scholars of various nationalities and, although most of them are Catholics, the list includes eminent writers of

¹ *European Civilization: its Origin and Development.* By Various Contributors, under the direction of Edward Eyre. London: Humphrey Milford. Vol. I. Pp. x, 1,321. Price, 25s. n. (Six guineas net for the seven volumes.)

other faiths. Its conception is opposed to that narrow view of history, which makes each several country the centre of the world's events which it estimates from a purely national standpoint. Its aim is to set forth the truth, as free as possible from subjective bias of every kind.

One of the chief causes of international discord is the pseudo-patriotism prevalent in nationalistic histories, which ignore or misrepresent the exploits of other nations, and feed national prejudice on falsehood and exaggeration. Moreover, what most tends to perpetuate religious strife is the quasi-identification of creed with country, and an insistence on personal opinion as necessarily true. Mr. Eyre and his English collaborators know how false is the traditional reading of history which represents the English Reformation as wholly good and the system it supplanted wholly evil, and which colours even secular events with the pigments of the partisan. The old saying that post-Reformation history is a long conspiracy against the truth is still verified in many school manuals. The purification of popular histories from religious and national bias is a work as necessary and as promising as the various activities in the cause of world-peace of the League of Nations.

Accordingly this work has appeared at a very opportune time. Its general effect should be to promote unity both at home and abroad by the dispelling of the prejudices which keep men and nations apart. It is grandly conceived and, although it has "European Civilization" for its theme, it embraces the whole world, both West and East, to which that culture has spread. And it looks back in this first volume to the foundations in pre-history of that civilization.

Aptly enough, the study of Primitive Man has been assigned to the famous anthropologist, Father Wilhelm Schmidt, who deals with his vast subject in an essay of eighty-two pages, exhibiting the true scientific caution which does not go ahead of the evidence or interpret it so as to air some personal view, and easily refuting the extreme evolutionists in whom such caution is absent. Professor J. L. Myres, Wykeham Professor of Ancient History at Oxford, brings the subject closer by his section on "The Ethnology and Primitive Culture of the Nearer East and the Mediterranean World" which treats successively of the various "cultures" known to the palaeontologist, and in a subsequent essay develops the history of the Indo-Europeans "up to the time of the migrations," caused mainly by climatic changes. A French scholar, M. C. J. Jean, takes "The East" for his subject, beginning in Mesopotamia and reaching to Egypt, Syria and Persia, and making plentiful use of Scripture history. Ancient Egypt itself is dealt with by a late Reader in Egyptology at Oxford, Mr. T. E. Peet, whilst a Doctor of Sacred Scripture and Professor of Old Testament Literature at St. Louis University devotes a long paper

of more than 450 pages to the delicate question, "The World of the Old Testament and its Historicity," wherein he has the Biblical Commission to serve at once for guidance and warning. It may be doubted whether this very full dissertation, however interesting in itself, enters quite essentially into the scheme of the book, although it may be contended that the Hebrew element contributed a substantial part of European civilization. In any case, the combination of sacred with profane history in the centuries immediately before Christ gives a useful synopsis of an obscure period. Mr. A. W. Gomme, lecturer in Greek at Glasgow University, concludes the volume with 260 pages, "The Greeks," tracing their history and influence from the Bronze Age to the end of the Classical Period. Some supplementary pages by M. C. J. Jean, containing the results of recent excavations, are printed at the end.

It is manifestly impossible in a short review to discuss in detail the essays that make up the 1,300 odd pages of this volume. They lay a broad and firm foundation for the structure to be subsequently erected, and the student may be assured that he has before him the best and latest results of modern scholarship. The various bibliographies indicate how wide the field of research has been, and that nothing important has been overlooked.

The book is admirably printed, and is furnished with a large number of excellent maps, both plain and coloured, the work of Phyllis Gomme. An index of some fifty pages greatly facilitates reference.

4—THE WILFRID WARDS¹

IT would be hardly an exaggeration to describe this book as a history of the intellectual side of English Catholicism during the second half of the nineteenth century, and it is a history most fascinatingly told. Mrs. Sheed has been fortunate in the character of the materials at her disposition. The fragments of autobiography left by both her parents; the abundance of letters, dealing not with the mere surface of things, but analysing and discussing the forces which moved the religious world; the records of personal contact on both her father's and mother's side with the leaders of thought—Catholics like Newman, Manning and Friedrich von Hügel, Anglicans like Dean Church, Lord Halifax and Bishop Gore; politicians like Gladstone and Arthur J. Balfour; philosophical critics from many different angles like Henry Sidgwick, R. Holt Hutton, Frederic Harrison, and Huxley—all these are a guarantee of the interest the volume must have for anyone who seeks to comprehend what the Catholic Church stands for in this country at

¹ *The Wilfrid Wards and the Transition. The Nineteenth Century.* By Maisie Ward (Mrs. F. J. Sheed). London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. viii, 428. Price, 15s.

the present day. The author, following her father's excellent example, has not been afraid of telling the truth. The divergent attitude of leading Catholics on more than one vital point is plainly stated, but the facts are presented in a way which can give no offence. Mrs. Sheed says in one place of her father's biographies that with his three books and Purcell's *Manning*, "the Catholic Church in its shirt-sleeves, so to speak, as a concrete living society going about its daily work, has at last been shown to the English public." We venture to think that this single volume before us, though it only brings us down to the threshold of the present century, performs the same function even more adequately than the combination of historical studies which she has enumerated.

In the descriptions of English Catholic life in the period following on the Oxford movement we are introduced to an atmosphere almost as other-worldly, in spite of all its social and intellectual distinction, as the French society depicted in Mrs. Craven's "*Récit d'une Sœur*." For us in these post-war days it is a healthy tonic to read of such people as W. G. Ward, of the ecclesiastical diversions of his children, of the extravagances to which they led, and of their father's fearsome indignation when they went too far. Having discovered that they had been playing at Benediction, had hung up a sanctuary lamp and bought a small gilt monstrance, we are told how "flushing scarlet," the irate theologian "seized his walking-stick, entered the chapel, knocked down the sanctuary lamp and said: 'That must never be lighted again nor the monstrance used'." Not less delightful are the descriptions of the home life of the Hope family where we read of the boisterous fun of the great diplomatist Lord Lyons, "Uncle Bickerton," and of his reference to Wilfrid when he became an accepted suitor as "your casual Ward," or again of his mock epitaph "Here lies W. W. who no more will trouble you, trouble you."

But while there are many lighter pages, Mrs. Sheed's perceptions of the graver issues involved seem to us to be not only substantially just but also singularly discreet and well-expressed. The chapter on Anglican Orders, that on Baron Friedrich von Hügel and that on the Metaphysical and Synthetic Societies, with the former of which W. G. Ward, and with the latter of which his son Wilfrid were so intimately connected, are models of judicious condensation. The account incidentally afforded of Father Tyrrell will be read with exceptional interest, as so much of the ground is new. There is also a very appreciative estimate of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's literary gift as revealed in her first important novel "*One Poor Scruple*." We are tempted to make quotations from almost every section of this volume, but unfortunately space will not permit. We do not hesitate to say that we regard it as the most important contribution to English Catholic biography which has appeared since the War.

5—MONEY¹

FOR all who know that there is only one solution for modern social and industrial problems, viz., that contained in the spirit of Christianity and taught by the Catholic Church, Mr. McNair Wilson's new book will come like the challenge of a trumpet to enlighten and enlist enthusiasm in the cause of reform. The author's thesis, illustrated by a rapid sketch of Napoleon's career, is that Usury escaped from the condemnation of the Church by the disruption of Christendom and the consequent decay of belief in supernatural rewards and sanctions, has become the curse, and may be the destruction, of civilization.

To-day, after centuries of uncritical acquiescence in the process of production merely for private profit, uncontrolled either by conscience or civil law, that truth, aided by the clear lead of the Pope and by many other writers who have laboured to expose the "Money Power," is becoming more and more widely recognized and, as the author gratefully acknowledges, it has received fuller and further illustration from the circumstances which necessitated the "New Deal" in America, and from the methods employed by the President to free finance from what has been styled "the public greed of licensed money-changers, of unscrupulous bankers and of legally incorporated buccaneers." His treatment of the matter is clear and vigorous—too clear, perhaps, for those accustomed to be told that the ways of finance are too mysterious for lay intelligence. However, the author maintains that there is nothing very abstruse about them, since the system essentially consists in lending paper promises-to-pay, and then, so controlling price levels that such promises can never be realized in cash. What constitutes the tyranny of the financiers is what the Pope stigmatizes as the irresponsible control of credit, exercised in such a way that "no one dare breathe against their will." All during his meteoric career, Napoleon, with uncanny insight, kept the financiers at bay. They beat him in the end—"Pitt's gold" was too powerful—but his example and practice throw valuable light on the international financial system. Mr. Wilson's picture of the "Corsican ogre" is a very engaging one—perhaps too one-sided for such a complex character—but it makes havoc of the traditional view of a man inflamed by lust of dominion, and an enemy of human liberty. He was, in fact, fighting for the liberty of man against that impalpable, almost automatic and unconscious, spirit of covetousness which is always trying to enslave in order to exploit. From the Catholic standpoint Mr. Wilson is not correct in speaking of a change in Christian teaching (if he means Catholic teaching) regarding usury (p. 15) without making

¹ (1) *The Mind of Napoleon: a Study of Napoleon, Mr. Roosevelt and the Money Power.* By R. McNair Wilson. London: G. Routledge & Sons. Pp. xiv, 246. Price, 10s. 6d. (2) *Money and Social Justice.* By the Rev. F. H. Drinkwater. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. xiii, 86. Price, 2s. 6d.

any allowance for change of circumstances. Christianity is not wholly altruistic: there is a natural and lawful love of self which one's supernatural duties do not impair. Therefore the motive of personal profit is in itself a lawful one. The implication with regard to the Church of changed doctrine is unsound. The morality of some interest on loans, whether productive or not, is to-day recognized in the Code of Canon Law. Again, as in other books of his, Mr. Wilson weakens his case by the assumption that there is only one perfect form of government, viz., Christian Monarchy, although he is right in holding that the governing power in a State should always act in the interests of the whole community, not of any particular class or party. Still, his main argument, cleverly illustrated from the past and the present, from the old world and the new, is very persuasively set forth—convincingly indeed as regards the evil and injustice, national and international, of allowing "Money Power" to reside in private hands, and nearly so as regards the character and achievement of Napoleon.

We are glad that Father Drinkwater has brought together into one telling volume—*Money and Social Justice*—the series of sermons and articles whereby he has lately been trying to stimulate the conscience of Catholics to examine and criticize the Capitalist system with a view to credit reform. His general thesis is that of the Pope, that the grip of the financier on the community and the individual is unjust and should be relaxed, but he goes much more into detail than does Mr. Wilson. He states the familiar paradox succinctly—"Millions are workless with work all round needing to be done, and millions are more or less starving in a world where food is so plentiful that it has to be destroyed. All this simply because money does not circulate. Because neither public authorities nor private employers can have money for wages or doles or any other purpose except by getting into debt to banks." And he shows that this result is not in the nature of things, not by any means inevitable, but is a necessary by-product of a faulty financial system. "By the most remarkable arrangement the world has ever known [the money-lenders] are also the money creators," and they "create" money, not necessarily in the interests of the community but in those of their shareholders. The remedy for this absurdity—the control of credit by the State in the interests of the citizens at large—is so simple that the non-expert suspects there is a flaw somewhere. However, Father Drinkwater challenges refutation and therefore should induce that discussion amongst Catholics which, elsewhere in this issue, we have suggested as most desirable. He shares our own wish that Catholics with knowledge should, taking the Pope as guide, "perceive the need of change and . . . come forward in the spirit of justice and charity to work for it as ordinary citizens along with all other men of goodwill, but working probably with a more conscious purpose and a more ardent devotion just because they are Catholics" (p. xiii).

SHORT NOTICES

BIBLICAL.

FR. Hugh Pope, O.P., has published through Messrs. Sheed & Ward a revised and enlarged edition of his *Layman's New Testament* (3s. 6d.) which in its first issue had such a phenomenal success, and must have done much to encourage the reading of the Scriptures amongst us. There is no other edition in English which combines so compactly the text with all the apparatus needed for the thorough understanding of it. We have not tested the new by the old, but have no doubt that the revision has been very careful. The Index to the Notes is printed out in full at the end and numbers almost 50 pages.

CANON LAW.

Archbishop Amleto G. Cicognani has put students of Canon Law under a considerable debt by having allowed his Latin text of 1925 to be translated into English. The work represents the lectures revised and amplified, which the Archbishop delivered at the Pontifical Institute of Canon and Civil Law at S. Apollinare, Rome. The English version has been done by Rev. Joseph M. O'Hara, Ph.D., and Rev. Francis Brennan, D.D., J.U.D., and has been splendidly produced by the Dolphin Press. The work is professedly an introduction to the study of Canon Law, a history of the sources, and a commentary on the first book of the C.J.C., styled simply, **Canon Law** (The Dolphin Press : \$5.00). The reader will form some idea of the magnitude of the work, when we say that the section on the history of collections and of the science of Canon Law extends over 240 pages. Even a cursory reading of this section reveals the intense intellectual life that flourished in those Universities where Canon Law was taught to vast audiences by the most illustrious canonists of the day, especially at Bologna. To most students of the subject, the chapters on the *Decretum* of Gratian and the *Decretals* of Pope Gregory IX will be particularly instructive. The mention of the names of Bellamera, Baldus, Zabarella, Turrecremata, Decio—to single out only a few—conjures up a picture of extraordinary brilliancy and assiduous labour in this field of Canon Law, such as, we believe, have not had their equal at any time in any other branch of research. The commentary of the learned Archbishop on the 86 canons of the *Codejus canonici* extends over 400 pages, and as there are some 2,414 canons in all, one begins to wonder if there would be time, even in the longest life, to study anything else beside Canon Law. One must not conclude this necessarily inadequate notice of the Archbishop's fine book, without calling attention to the chapters on law in general, and on the primacy of the Roman Pontiff. The

immense erudition required to grapple with the whole subject of Canon Law will enable one to realize the labour and historical gifts of the author, and, one may add, the genius of the late Cardinal Gasparri who helped so much to codify the Canon Law of the Church.

The second volume of the commentary on the *Codex juris canonici*, by FF. Vermeersch and Creusen, *Epitome Juris Canonici cum Commentariis, tom. II, lib. III* (Dessain, Mechlin-Rome), with an index of the canons for reference, has been issued in a fifth edition. This work is well known to all students of Canon Law, and needs no recommendation from us. The whole of the previous work has been revised, and all the recent decisions on the canons have been here embodied. The student will find this volume particularly interesting and valuable, because it contains the commentary on the canons dealing with the Sacraments. The authors have thoughtfully inserted a sheet containing the necessary corrections and additions to be made in the first volume.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

It was fitting that a collection should be made of those valuable lectures and addresses which the Archbishop of Liverpool has from time to time contributed to contemporary thought. An expert and deep philosopher, no one can better deal with modern sophistries than he, nor indeed disentangle what is good in the various attempts outside Catholic tradition to remedy the world's disorders. Perhaps the most useful of these nine *Critical and Constructive Essays* (B. O. & W.: 5s.) are those devoted to *Psycho-Analysis in its Scientific and Ethical Bearings*, and to *Rationalist Criticism*, but all show the grasp of reality, the consistency and the width of view which one seeks for in vain amongst the creedless of our time. Moreover, serious thinker though he is, the Archbishop not infrequently both lightens and illuminates his pages with a welcome play of humour.

HOMILETIC.

In *Figures of the Drama of Salvation* (Herder: 6s.) Father J. A. McClarey, S.J., publishes twelve sermons which he has preached in various churches in America. His method is dramatic; in different characters he sees different virtues, and moulds his sermon accordingly, with his eye fixed on the problems of to-day. For instance, Our Lady is combined with confidence, Peter with faith, Thomas with scepticism, Judas with evil, and so on. We have learnt Father McClarey's style from other books; not too meticulous about a theological point, provided he can drive home by a series of blows the nail which at the moment is his chief concern.

Under the title *Ad Viros Religiosos* (Librairie Saint Norbert, Tongerloo, Anvers) Père François Petit, of the Order of Prae-

monstratensians, has brought out a critical edition of fourteen sermons delivered in Latin to his religious brethren by the great medieval master, Adam Scotus, abbot of Dryburgh. Of these sermons, the first seven were edited by Walter de Gray-Birch (London, 1901), but his edition was purely palæographic and was based on a poor manuscript. The chance discovery by Père Petit of an hitherto unknown MS. in the "Bibliothèque Mazarine" has made possible a vastly improved edition. The remaining seven are edited for the first time in the present volume. Père Petit's edition is a credit to French Catholic scholarship, well worthy of "Gloriosus Magister Adam." Here we have, in addition to the text, a very full critical apparatus together with an excellent introductory study of the life and work of Adam. The sermons themselves were well worth editing. They are by no means mere historical curiosities, but are magnificent examples of medieval religious literature, and are valuable alike for their sound spirituality and for the charming Latin in which they are couched.

DEVOTIONAL.

That indefatigable worker, Sister M. Emmanuel, O.S.B., continues to provide useful books for spiritual reading. We have at present three before us. The first, **Meditations on the Life of Our Lord, attributed to St. Bonaventure** (Herder: 12s.), is a new translation of that well-known work, with the added value that this translation is complete. We are reminded in a preface that only the Passion meditations are by the saint himself, the rest being by another hand of a somewhat later period; but we may add that all are in the tradition and spirit of St. Bonaventure, as all who are familiar with the older translation will know.

The second volume contains St. Bonaventure's "Speculum Beatae Virginis" and "Psalterium Beatae Virginis," translated under the titles **The Mirror of the Blessed Virgin** and **The Psalter of Our Lady** (Herder: 9s.). These are thoroughly in the spirit of the saint, and reflect his ardent, loving, almost frolicsome spirituality at every turn. St. Bonaventure, like a true son of St. Francis, is always brimming over with happiness; but he is never more so than when he elaborates the glory of Our Lady, as for instance in the seventh chapter, in which he describes the nine "plenitudes in Mary," corresponding to the nine choirs of angels. The second portion of the book will be new to most readers. Again it shows the saint playing with delight in Our Lady's presence; it contains psalms written by St. Bonaventure, corresponding to those of the psalter, and also canticles, and even a *Te Deum*, applied to her. Incidentally this quaint spiritual book gives us an insight into the spirituality of the thirteenth century.

Much more daring is Sister M. Emmanuel's third volume, **The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ in Meditations**, taken from the

enormous tome on prayer by Alvarez de Paz (Herder: 9s.). We call it daring, because we do not know of anyone who has yet ventured to translate Alvarez de Paz into English. The student of de Paz will know that he divides his instruction on prayer into the three usual sections, the purgative, the illuminative, and the unitive way, and that he provides typical meditations for each. Sister M. Emmanuel has chosen for her book those of the second way; in a future edition we would suggest that this should be mentioned in the preface. De Paz gives his points for the illuminative way in the form of prayers and affections; this alone puts his work apart from the usual books of meditation, and is of great significance to the student of ascetics.

Father John Burke has done well to publish another book of short spiritual readings, and **Christ in His Meditations** (Dolphin Press, Philadelphia: \$1.25) will be found equally helpful to priests, religious and laity, for all are saved by the same truths and are fellow-pilgrims on the way that leads to Our Lord. It is a book that should find a large public, having the broad purpose of helping individual souls to more intimate union with Christ; and the simple way the author has of putting great truths both clearly and briefly makes the book ideal for reading or meditations, long or short, for most pages contain in each page enough material on which to found several meditations. The page and a half on Fraternal Charity is one that might well have each sentence illuminated as a separate picture, when each aspect of the truth it teaches would stand out, clear-cut, to point the path that leads to Christ by the shortest possible route.

The fifth volume of the series "Veritas," **La Vie chrétienne raisonnée et méditée**, by Père R. G. Gerest, O.P. (Lethielleux: 20.00 fr.), deals with the end of life, and the prospect of eternity. The author describes both the joys and the fears of age, but always with encouragement and peace. Then comes the examination of death and all it means; not only the end but also the beginning; nay, more the second than the first. The Judgment and the three Sentences conclude the book; the whole is arranged in well-ordered divisions, and the message is delivered with eloquence and force.

NON-CATHOLIC.

In **THE MONTH** for October, 1931, appeared an article-review of an Anglican work, which has now been published in an abridged edition, with the same title—**The Vision of God**, by Dr. Kenneth E. Kirk (Longmans: 7s. 6d. n.). Our original reviewer took strong exception to many of Dr. Kirk's interpretations and conclusions as at variance with Catholic doctrine, and on inspection of the present edition he sees no reason to modify his views. However, this is not to say that there is not much good in these "Bampton Lectures" which were delivered originally in 1928. Dr.

Kirk is now Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology at Oxford, and has many sound qualifications for the post. He has already written several works on Moral Theology, but the present volume goes rather more deeply into the spiritual life and deals likewise with asceticism and mysticism. From the nature of the case, it is largely Catholic in its inspiration, and indeed is more sympathetic than some Catholic works with the successive historical stages of Christian spirituality, finding much to treasure even where the verdict is not altogether favourable. The great spiritual masters of the Catholic Church, St. Ignatius among them, all have their praise, which is not the case with Protestantism and the Protestants. On this account we are inclined to take a lenient view of not a few crudities, and indeed of one or two really gross departures from the orthodox Catholic standpoint. The author coquets at times with "higher criticism," and in the two versions of the beatitudes, for example, finds "clear evidence of a divergence of views upon the problem of riches" (p. 34). He also sees a "steady development of formalism in the Church" (p. 77) in early times which does not spare even St. Paul, and which he illustrates from "Jerome's disturbing picture of Christian Rome in the fourth century." But Jerome himself, truth to say, was somewhat too easily disturbed, and needs sometimes to be taken with a grain of salt. Dr. Kirk also seems to embrace what in practice, we fear, can only prove a contradiction; he is too averse to asceticism and yet demands the extreme of disinterestedness. Such blunders as these illustrate the difficulties of those who have only their own reason to rely on and are outside the Catholic tradition, and they would prevent us recommending the book to Catholics, were there any occasion to do so. Considering its provenance, however, we think that the volume may be regarded as a promising sign, and we hope that time will bring the author's thought to greater maturity.

HISTORICAL.

The biographer of Charles II, Mr. Arthur Bryant, deeply read in contemporary literature, has had the happy idea of using his specialized knowledge in order to correct our inveterate habit of viewing the past through the spectacles of the present, and in his **The England of Charles II** (Longmans: 6s. n.) he gives us an exhaustive description of the manners and customs, the religion and recreations, the ideals and outlook of England 270 years ago. The picture, for all its interest, is not an attractive one. Of England's five million inhabitants, only very few could be called educated, and even those were often brutalized by their uncivilized surroundings. One comes to read the formal history of the times with much more understanding from the perusal of this fascinating book.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Unfortunately illness has compelled R. P. Siméon Vailhé to defer for seven years the publication of the second volume of **La Vie du P. Emmanuel d'Alzon**, Founder of the Assumptionist Fathers (Bonne Presse: 20.00 fr.). But the work has, perhaps, not suffered by the delay; on the contrary this second and more important volume, covering the years from 1851 to 1880 may justly be called an admirable piece of work, full of interest, and portraying a noble character. We may well compare Père d'Alzon in France with Don Bosco in Italy; for though the work they did was altogether different, still in each case that work was the one most needed at the time in their respective countries, while the spirit that animated both was the same. So far we in England have failed to recognize the greatness of d'Alzon; but, leave him and the fruit of his labours out of the story of the French revival, and we would omit an all-essential chapter. The biography before us is little short of a history of those times from a particular angle; it lets us see who have been the real saviours of France. P. d'Alzon was possessed of great vision; nothing was too far removed but his zeal and charity would include it. We believe the first steps have been taken towards his beatification; the reading of this volume makes one hope, indeed confident, that the process will not be delayed.

The Assumptionist Fathers owe much, not only to their founder, the truly great Père d'Alzon, but also to his successor, their second Superior General, and we do not wonder that they should wish him, too, to be better known. **Le P. François Picard (1831—1903)**, by E. Lacoste (Bonne Presse: 15.00 fr.), professes to be only an *ad interim* biography, preparatory to a larger and more definitive work; nevertheless, within these 550 pages we are given a living portrait of a very remarkable and holy man. No doubt a larger study must one day be written, because of the historic events, from the War of 1870 to the expulsion of 1903, in the midst of which Père Picard's life was thrown, but it may be questioned whether such a work will have much to add to the personal character which has been drawn in these pages. It is the character of a good and faithful servant, whose fidelity made him great; Père d'Alzon had given the Congregation its spirit and its direction, perhaps one may say that Père Picard established it in those lines which have had such an effect in the French revival during the thirty years since his death.

The author of the standard biography of the Curé d'Ars, Canon F. Trochu, has not been content with producing that authoritative work, but has from time to time published in the *Annals of Ars*, out of an abundance of unused material, brief instances of the Saint's supernatural gifts of knowledge of the future and of the distant, as well as of the secrets of hearts. Subsequently, a large number

of these were collected into a book, which has lately been translated by Mr. Maurice Leahy, with the title **The Insight of the Curé d'Ars** (B. O. & W. : 7s. 6d.) and a preface by the Archbishop of Tuam. There are, of course, well-authenticated records of second-sight, clairvoyance and the like, in the natural order, but, as the author points out in his preface, the wonders of that kind associated with the Curé d'Ars are in quite another category, manifestly due to intercourse with the supernatural. The stories are carefully documented, and illustrate the heavenly atmosphere in which the Saint habitually lived. The translation is good, but might have been made more free from traces of French idiom.

Sister Mary Cullen has written a charming **Life of St. Louise de Marillac** for children (Sands & Co. : 2s. 6d.), adapted from the well-known *Life of the Saint* by Count de Lambel. The outstanding landmarks in Louise's life are told in simple language, and the spiritual moral of its many phases is always well drawn—in short, the powder is deftly concealed in the jam. The book is illustrated with delightful black and white drawings in the style of etchings, which we presume are the work of the author, as no artist's name is given.

The short biography, **Luc**, by Andre Favre (Lethielleux : 12.00 fr.), is a true parable. The youth of to-day will be satisfied with nothing short of stark reality—and *self-expression* is the rage. *Luc* in this is the child of his age, and with such persistent logic does he pursue his ideal that he can say towards the end of his short life, "I belong to You, my God: I have found my personality at last." Lively, witty, popular, deeply affectionate, resolute, nevertheless, that his heart shall belong to none but God, he is saved from a certain sentimentality by his robust common sense. Superiors readily condone his outbreaks of ebullient spirits, since the influence won for him by his attractive personality is invariably used for good. This biographical sketch is a *Life* in every sense of the word, and makes ideal reading for any Retreat.

As presumably Father Bede Jarrett's **Life of St. Dominic** (3s. 6d.), first published in 1924, had gone out of print, it was an obvious duty to issue it once more so as to give the wider public of his later years the opportunity of adding another memorial of their departed friend to their bookshelves. As we wrote on its first appearance, "Catholics may learn from these scholarly but always readable pages, to appreciate the genius of the legislator to whom the modern forms of democracy are partly due, and they will come as a revelation to non-Catholics who do not know that Dominic and his religious family successfully opposed the disintegration of Christian civilization by a deadly Oriental heresy."

SOCIOLOGY.

No one who, afflicted in spirit by the injustices of modern industrialism, desires to understand its causes and its remedies will

be unacquainted with the splendid service done by J. L. and Barbara Hammond by their illuminating studies of the economics of the industrial revolution—"The Town Labourer," "The Village Labourer," "The Age of the Chartists," and the rest. But if anyone wishes to have a useful introduction to those poignant revelations of human greed and human misery, so moderate and so objective yet so damning, the small volume called **The Bleak Age** (Longmans: 3s. 6d. n.) issued in "The Swan Library" series, and based upon their longer work, "The Age of the Chartists," will be found excellent for the purpose. The first half of the last century was pre-eminently the time when the leisured and cultivated section of this country looked upon the workers as a class apart, the function of which was to labour and make money for their employers. Hence, they needed no more than technical education and had to be content to be shut out from most of what makes for human dignity and development. For them the age was indeed bleak. Nor did religion—the Puritanism of Non-conformity and the Toryism of the Establishment—do much to alleviate their lot: the blight of the "English Sunday" lay heavy upon them. The authors do not directly draw the conclusion, but Catholic sociologists will have no difficulty in seeing that the root of all this terrible injustice lay in the divorce between ethics and economics due to the destruction of Catholicism, and resulting in a worship of money which even the pre-Christian pagan denounced.

LITERARY.

A wholly delightful book, and one which should have great vogue during this the "Animals' Year," is Miss Helen Waddell's translations from the Latin of various ancient *legenda* concerning the relations between holy men—no holy women are mentioned—and the animal creation, called **Beasts and Saints** (Constable & Co.: 5s. n.), which Mr. Robert Gibbings has plentifully illustrated with quaint black and white wood-cuts. Miss Waddell moves familiarly amongst the sources of her tales, whether those relating to the Fathers of the Desert or to the Saints of the West or to the Celtic Saints, and feeling the need of some principle of selection amid such copious material, has confined herself to those preserved to us in medieval Latin. These she has dressed in English of a rare quality, melodious and picturesque, which perfectly expresses the spirit of the originals, and preserves too their local atmosphere whether of the desert, or of the woods and fens and seas of the West. She discourses, also, concerning her material, in an understanding preface, which dwells upon this particular aspect of sanctity whereby something of pre-Adamite innocence is recalled by the Saints, and upon the traces of it to be found in the fore-Christian times. All animal lovers, which we hope means all Christians,

will ask Miss Waddell for more: no one knows better than she how much there is.

FICTION.

A strange story, made stranger still by the unusual manner of telling it, is Gertrude von Le Fort's **A Pope from the Ghetto** (Sheed & Ward: 7s. 6d. n.). It concerns the origin, upbringing and fate of the antipope Anacletus II who was elected simoniacally and, although baptized a Christian, was thought, like his father before him, to have remained a Jew at heart. The legend is "pieced together" by the art of the novelist from various imaginary records and chronicles and diaries, both Jewish and Roman—a device which at times makes the narrative very actual and vivid, but of which the machinery begins rather to creak before the end. However, the author succeeds admirably in conveying the mystic fervour of the orthodox Jew, accentuated by the opposition of the dominant Christianity, and also the overwhelming trials from inner corruption and outward violence, which only a supernatural institution like the Church could have survived.

Mr. Thornton Wilder apparently has his moments of relaxation, in one of which he has written an amusing satire called **Heaven's my Destination** (Longmans: 7s. 6d.), detailing with something of O. Henry's boisterous humour, the fortunes of a young American salesman, who has been "converted" and endeavours, with more courage than prudence, to convert his fellow-man. As a manifestly authentic description of the backwoods type of American society, the book brings the European into contact with strange and diverting mentalities and forms of expression. The satire is kindly, and needless to say, does not in any way disparage true religious faith and sentiment.

A collection of short tales by Father McGrath, **Tenement Angel and Other Stories** (Gill & Son: 3s. 6d. n.), is largely concerned with the city life of the Irish poor whose traditional faith shines through much indifferent practice. The author's sympathy relieves his revelations from any trace of harshness, and his literary skill, adorned by continuous flashes of humour, makes each vignette, whatever its subject, a finished little study of character and circumstance.

A very solid background of history lies behind the romance by O. MacNamara, called **The Emerald Pawn** (Gill & Son: 7s. 6d.), which deals with the attempts made during the reign of Elizabeth to free Ireland by foreign aid from the English yoke—attempts rendered fruitless by the interplay of secular politics. Between France, Spain and England, Ireland was indeed a pawn—to be used or thrown aside according to the selfish interests of the chess players. Only the Pope showed any real concern for the fortunes of the Faith there; the others constantly subordinated it to their own policies. Through the tangled and sordid intrigues of the

times, the author moves with skill, bringing on the scene both heroes and villains and deftly characterizing them all. Sir James Fitzmaurice is the protagonist for Ireland; that enigmatical character, Sir Thomas Stucley, takes the chief role amongst the scoundrels. While emphasizing the misfortunes of Ireland, the author makes very clear that they were largely due to the divisions among her own children—then, as now, pursuing conflicting ideals. The book is especially valuable as introducing the fortunes of several of those Irish martyrs who played as heroic a part in preserving the Faith in Ireland as did Blessed Campion and his companions in this country.

We are reminded of Canon Sheehan's "My New Curate," by **Le Jeune Vicaire d'Aoste**, by Auguste Petigat (Lethieulleux : 8.00 fr.). A young Vicaire goes from his seminary, full of zeal and of ideas of the great things he will do for God; he comes to his parish and finds life and work very different from what he had ambitioned. The theory is one thing, the practice is quite another; and we are allowed to see the working of a young priest's soul as he unlearns much and learns more. By his side is a wise and prudent Curé, the model of a patient, practical and loving parish priest. Scarcely has the young man begun to learn his lesson when he dies; but not before he has left for others the fruit of his experience. It is a story full of sympathy for the priests of France, and is beautifully told.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If stimulus to Catholic Action were needed, and by stimulus one means an ideal to aim at and courage to attain it, it should certainly be found in **The Franciscan Message to the World**, by Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M., Rector of the Catholic University of Milan, translated and adapted by Henry Louis Hughes, M.A., D.Litt. (B.O. & W. : 7s. 6d.). It is a book of real strength, written by one who is steeped in the Franciscan spirit, who loves St. Francis, and can show us how he has influenced the civilization of Europe during the centuries. The chapters are short and crisp, sounding like pistol shots that have hit their mark. But while all is valuable and concisely told—the portrayal of St. Francis and the work of Franciscan spirituality through the succeeding centuries, especially the nineteenth—the reader will most eagerly turn to the third part : St. Francis in our own times. This section, answering the question: Whether and how far our modern civilization may be deemed Christian, gives an excellent analysis of our generation, its good points and its evil. Here, as before, the author is very wide awake; he writes with conviction, without hesitation, as one who has long thought out his matter, and is not deceived by appearances. Having allowed for the good about him, nevertheless he can produce St. Francis as the real interpreter of liberty and

truth, of understanding and love, of life and action, of joy. Surely an admirable study, which cannot but do much good.

Mr. John Nibb has published a second edition of his stimulating book, **Christianity and Internationalism** (Elliot Stock: 3s. 6d. n.), revised and expanded with some thirty pages of comment on various criticisms. Both the book and the interest it has aroused are a welcome sign that Catholics are becoming aware of the obligation their Faith imposes on them, regarding foreign relations and the issues of peace and war, of testing current non-Catholic tradition by Christian morality. Many have much to learn and Mr. Nibb gives them much to think about.

The **Irish Jesuit Directory and Year Book for 1935** (Messenger Office: 1s.) contains a great amount of information in its 200 pages, over and above what immediately concerns the Province itself at home. We find, for instance, interesting chapters upon Saint Ignatius, the Spiritual Exercises and Catholic Action, the recently beatified Paraguay martyrs and the history of Our Lady's Sodality. Of more vivid interest, perhaps, is the inspiring account of the Chinese Mission of the Society, with its gratifying statistics of progress. It is altogether a wonderful little production for the price.

Norfolk and Suffolk, as is well-known, are studded with multitudes of fascinating pre-Reformation churches, generally small but exquisite in design, and Mr. Claude J. W. Messent has put the Christian antiquarian under a great obligation by compiling an exhaustive record of those which belonged to conventional establishments and are now ruined or put to secular uses. In **The Monastic Remains of Norfolk and Suffolk** (Hunt, Norwich: 7s. 6d. n.) an account is given of nearly 300 abbeys, priories, chapels, hermitages, etc., to be found in those two counties, arranged alphabetically, and copiously and cleverly illustrated in pen and ink by the author, bearing witness to the vigorous religious life of the times. They have, of course, been listed before, but never so conveniently arranged, with just that sufficiency of information regarding original ownership, foundation, fate at Dissolution, and present condition that the visitor needs. Judging by his other books on cognate subjects, for instance, "The Ruined Churches of Norfolk," which lists and describes some 240, the author must have made this branch of study his life-work. He is to be congratulated on the result. Catholics will be especially interested in his account of Our Lady's Shrine at Walsingham and of the "Slipper Chapel" at Houghton St. Giles.

Mr. Frederick Cowles in his **Pilgrim Ways** (B. O. & W.: 3s. 6d.) is much less restricted in locality and more diverse in subject than Mr. Messent, but his pleasant volume, pleasingly illustrated in black and white by Mrs. Cowles, gives us the same general impression of the past glories of Catholic England as shown in its ecclesiastical establishments. In this book, one of several by the

same author, he keeps mainly to the south of England, ranging from Wales to the Fenlands, and using legend and history and material structures to reconstruct the past.

An entertaining little book, called **Roadways and Stardust**, by Paul J. Pease (Simpkin Marshall & Co. : 2s. 6d. n.) describes a solitary motor tour through Scotland, with such reflections as the scenery or casual acquaintance or historical associations call forth. It is full of the joy of life and neighbourly feeling.

An experienced priest, Chanoine Henri Couget, has written for the young priests of France an excellent brochure, **Notes de Pastorale** (Bonne Presse : 2.00 fr.). In the form of a friendly letter he impresses upon them the necessity of continuing their studies after their seminary years are over, the relations they must maintain with the parish priest under whom they work, and with their fellow-priests, their duty in preaching the word of God and the language in which it should be expressed, the way to teach catechism, the handling of money, and concludes with some hints on the use of leisure time. Kindly, sympathetic, encouraging, nevertheless, the author knows well the trials most likely to cool the ardour of the young priest who first sets out on his career.

Studia Ammianeæ: annotationes criticae et grammaticae in Ammianum Marcellinum (Milan : 15.00 l.), by Doctor John Baptist Pighi of Milan, is an exhaustive study of forty-one passages in Ammianus Marcellinus, in which, after an introductory survey of the existing manuscripts and of the modern editions from the *editio princeps* of Sabinus down to the 1910 edition of Clark, Traube and Heraeus, the author discusses the textual value of the readings, his arguments being based on grammatical and stylistic considerations as well as on manuscript authority. The work will be of value not only to those directly interested in Ammianus, but also to those who make a study of late Latin prose style and rhythm. A marked feature of the work is the use made of arguments drawn from the author's favourite *clausulae*, etc.

To mark his retirement from the Deanery of St. Paul's, the Very Rev. W. R. Inge has written a short *Apologia* called **Vale** (Longmans : 3s. 6d. n.) providing for the large public which his practised and provocative pen has created a sketch of his mental development. His pen still remains provocative for upholders of the Catholic tradition : hardly a page is free from disputable utterances : there is no sign of the "mellowing" which advance of years tends to produce : the Dean has been a rationalist from first to last, and "free thinking" has only hardened his anti-authoritarian position. He is the typical modernist, and this little book may well be used in Catholic seminaries to illustrate how far astray a sincere man can go, if left only to his reason and his inherited prejudices, and how differently the same set of facts may be interpreted according to various principles of interpretation. For the

rest, there is much to interest in his frank account of his own ideals, and of the writings by which he sought to express them.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Come to the Manger (Sands: 6d.), by Sister Marie Milroy, S.N.D., is described as a "Nativity Play for Children" and, apart from the words of the Gospels which are used freely, is couched in simple though poetic language. It thoroughly deserves the commendation which Bishop Brown embodies in the Foreword.

A welcome addition to the C.T.S. twopenny "Students' Series" is Mr. W. J. Blyton's "**Relativity and Knowledge**", which is written with much freshness and vigour, and does admirable service in exposing the "popularizers" who would apply Einstein's physics to truth and morality, and imagine that the "Absolute" has been finally out-moded. Not only students but more ordinary folk will enjoy this very clear and acute restatement of the old verities.

Three further instalments of the "Studies in Comparative Religion"—**Islam**, by Rev. A. Vincent, **The Religion of Ancient Persia**, by Professor A. J. Carnoy, and **The Religion of the Later Primitive Peoples**, by Rev. W. Schmidt—have all their special interest: the last-named perhaps the more actual, because the atheistic folklorist is always with us.

The **Catholic Mind** for November 22nd (5 c.) contains two valuable reprints—*The Mind of the Church and Social Legislation*, by Bishop B. J. Mahoney, and *Nationalism, True and False*, by L. K. Patterson, S.J.—both dealing with subjects of immediate interest and providing sane and prudent guidance.

Three attractive tales by Douglas Newton—**The Statue and other Stories** (2d.)—have been added to the C.T.S. fiction-list. The first-named appeared in our pages, and will be appreciated in its new form by a wider selection of readers.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope and should normally be typed. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words (between 8 and 9 "Month" pages). As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

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BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., New York.
The Spirit World About Us. Illustrated. By Joseph Husslein, S.J. Pp. 148. Price, \$1.50.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.
The Complete Works of St. John of the Cross. Vol. II. Translated and edited by E. Allison Peers. Pp. ix, 470. Price, 15s. *Critical and Constructive Essays.* By Archbishop Downey. Pp. 239. Price, 5s. *Charles IX Duke of Marlborough.* By Winston Churchill and C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. 18. Price, 6d. *The Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ.* Vol. I. By Jules Lebreton, S.J. Pp. xxxii, 381. Price, 10s. 6d. *The New Testament and Divorce.* By H.E. Cardinal MacRory. Pp. 93. Price, 3s. 6d. *Living Faith.* By Canon Thomas Wright. Pp. 196. Price, 6s. *Life of St. Dominic.* By Bede Jarrett, O.P. Pp. 179. Price, 3s. 6d. *Modern Thomistic Philosophy.* Vol. I. By R. P. Phillips. Pp. 346. Price, 9s. *The Word Incarnate: a Harmony of the Gospels.* By Archbishop Goodier. Pp. xvii, 377. Price, 5s.

CASTERMAN, Tournai, Paris.
La Part de la Chronique Juive dans les Erreurs de l'Historie Universelle. By H. Bruders, S.J. Pp. 24.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, Oxford.
An Introduction to Political Economy. By M. D. R. Leys. Pp. 48. Price, 3d. n. *The Christian Citizen.* Revised edition. By Susan Cunningham. Pp. 96. Price, 1s.

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